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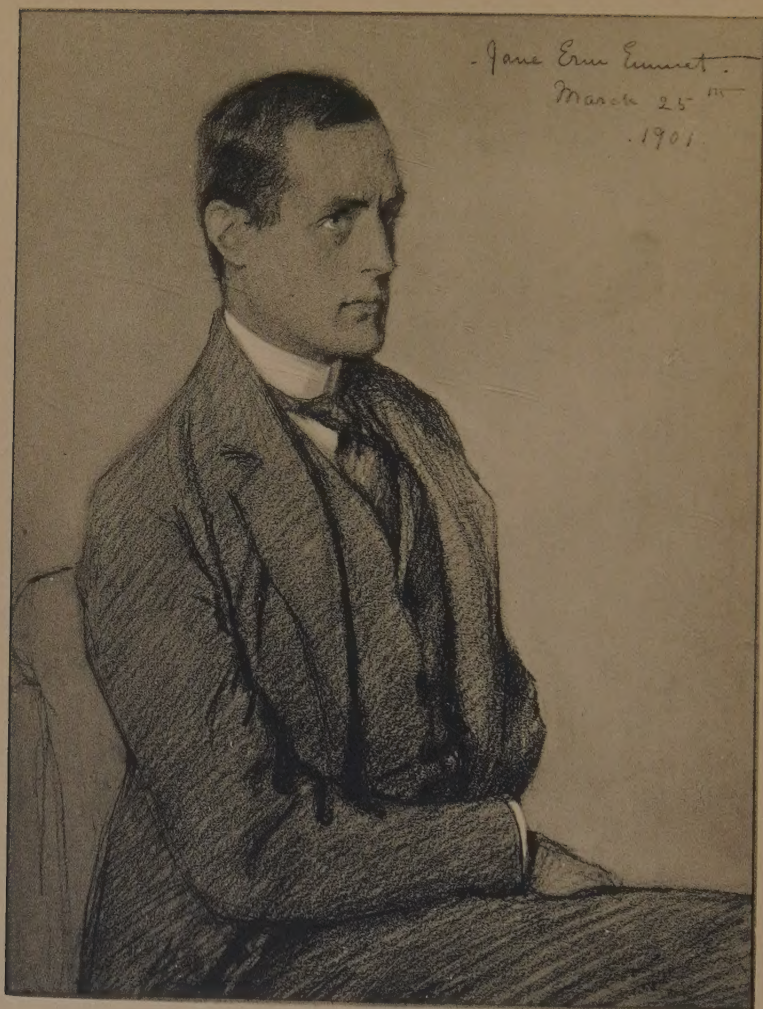


**GUY HAMILTON SCULL**









Jane Erskine Emmet



# GUY HAMILTON SCULL

SOLDIER, WRITER,  
EXPLORER AND WAR  
CORRESPONDENT

COMPILED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By  
HENRY JAY CASE



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*To*  
GUY AND DAVID SCULL  
THIS BOOK IS  
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED





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## INTRODUCTION

Most biographies are written from private papers or correspondence, or from an intimate personal knowledge of the subject's life. Guy Scull never kept a journal or a diary and he did not preserve much in the way of correspondence. Such letters of his as were kept by others are decidedly brief and cast little or no light on either his thoughts or activities. The only person apparently to whom he wrote regularly was his mother and these letters, dated from all quarters of the globe, are limited for the most part to deep assurances of his affection, laconic sentences that his health was good and commands that she should not worry. There is no one friend left among the many he had that knew all of his wanderings and adventures, where he was or what he was doing, or indeed the many fascinating sides of his unusual character. So what follows is in no way a biography or can it even be called a sketch. It is only a collection of stories, incidents and impressions obtained from associates and comrades of Scull in many of his explorations and adventures. He rarely talked of his adventures. He talked very little at any time. The few exceptions were the golden hours known to a very few when in the corner of the Harvard Club or some cafe tucked away in an obscure corner of the city, his mood right, and

someone spinning a yarn that touched a hidden chord deep within him, there would come from him tales of adventure, short, powerful paragraphs, crammed with human interest, humor, pathos, tragedy, painted as no one but he could do it. Certainly no one but a man who had played a part in them could have held the attention as he did. Yet no one ever heard him use the first personal pronoun. He did not know it. This modesty and humility from a man who had lived through what he had was one of the things that drew others to him. Wherever he was there was always a group around him. For all his taciturn nature he liked the company of others. Firm even to the point of rudeness, he was a leader.

“Skipper’s” tales were told in the drinking days when it wasn’t breaking the laws to put one’s legs under the same table that held one’s glass. His legs were long and he liked a big table and while there was always a goodly crowd of worshippers sitting around it no one ever thought of using notebook or paper with a view to perpetuating those yarns. Perish the thought! The table held other things equally perishable. Those wonderful tales are gone. Only a memory of a man remains. Only those close friends, men in widely different walks of life, now realize what that loss means to contemporaneous history, romance and adventure. We who today would attempt to set down a story of his life have to rely upon those who played a part with him in this or that adventure. We acknowledge our debt to them for



what they can remember of him and of what was told about him.

From college days on Scull was beset with strong temptation to drink and with this temptation he had an up and down fight over a long period of years. It was usually during the intervals between work that he gave way to it. When engaged in important work he was often a strict teetotaler. After he was married and towards the end of his life he got this temptation under control, as he always knew he could, and proved it for years at a time. The last years of his life he completely mastered this temptation.

Many pet phrases are credited to Scull. "It ought to be, but it ain't" is one of them. He never assumed anything to be so. He reasoned from facts and more than one burst of eloquence has been completely stopped by this dry Down East drawl coming from Scull. He probably often said of himself, "It ought to be, but it ain't."

Office routine bored him; anything regular irritated him. He worked day and night at any task which appealed to him. Hours meant nothing. In his official life he rebelled against red tape and fought it consistently. To superiors and subordinates he was honest and scrupulous to a degree and he demanded the same thing from everyone with whom he dealt. He hated a crook and a grafter with a hate that few even of his most intimate friends appreciated. Honesty, the truth and integrity were almost a religion to him. He was ever trying to help some under dog,

trying to boost an unfortunate, trying to give somebody a lift. Major General Leonard Wood said of him, that fearless and enterprising as he was and with that wealth of romance in his make-up, he would, had he been born in an earlier age, have found his way into one of the bands of explorers, pioneers or colonizers which were opening up a new world.

He was never happier than when using his wits and his strength in some stiff problem that had defied others. From boyhood he took a savage joy in matching his remarkable constitution against exposure to the weather. He deliberately risked his life on several different occasions without a thought of the result and from each of these amazing adventures he would emerge the same silent person, a little more grim and a little more restless, to be off again on some other expedition away from the conventional life and the comfortable existence into which he was born and bred.

Only his intimates knew his love for music. He studied it as a boy. His parents were rigid in holding him to his practice hours and his devotion to music held strong through his college days and into later life. He took much pleasure in playing his 'cello or in drumming out chords on the piano to accompany ballads which he sung. Several of these ballads he set to music himself and one, "Gentlemen Rankers," is sung today to Scull's own music. His love for music was the means of getting him a line in the international news dispatches when Richard Hard-

ing Davis described Scull's appearance as a war correspondent at General Buller's headquarters in the opening of the Boer War dressed as a tramp and with his campaign equipment limited to a toothbrush and a banjo improvised from a cigar box.

This love for music and a desire to write were two things that even his closest friends could not easily associate with the other and more outstanding traits in his nature. Somehow to them they did not mix with the more rugged and adventurous side of his make-up. They had no part in a character that revelled in the slow, arduous toil of unraveling a murder mystery; which led him five thousand miles to get into a blood-letting war, or an equal distance to match his strength against tropical fever, wild animals, poisonous insects and reptiles. Yet this desire for literary expression was to Scull almost a passion. He always wanted to write, more than he ever wanted to do anything else, and those who were competent to judge predicted great things of him in the future. He could write. As a senior at Harvard his first attempt met with instant approval and acceptance by magazine editors, and while the hack work on the big dailies proved irksome, his work there was marked by many brilliant contributions and his first attempt as a war correspondent in the South African war jumped him into fame as a descriptive writer. One of his letters was used as an example of pure English for classes at Harvard University. But as he was industrious in his work of writing so was he shy

with editors and publishers. This reserve grew into sensitiveness and the action of one publishing house in begging off from a contract after his return from South Africa finally so upset him that he stopped writing as a regular occupation for several years and did not take it up again until after his wedding in his fortieth year and during his second term in the New York City Police Department. Two sons were born to him and from a wanderer and an adventurer he became such a home body that it took an unusual case at Headquarters to break into his domestic regularity and drag him away from his home after office hours. He seemed never happier than when with his small family. When one of the children fell ill he was the first to insist that he should stand watch and even after a hard day's work if a child was ailing he would insist upon sitting by the youngster's crib and ministering to it.

It was in the last year of his life that his wife aroused again his interest in writing and they were laying out this work to do in their home at Cedarhurst when a small and seemingly harmless affliction came and suddenly without warning struck him down.

What follows is not a story of a successful man in statesmanship, letters or trade. The excuse for the book is the memory of a cultured American, human, uncomplaining, unselfish, whose greatest contentment lay where the battle was the hardest and the risk all his own.

H. J. C.

**GUY HAMILTON SCULL**





# GUY HAMILTON SCULL

## CHAPTER I

### ANCESTRY

ON both paternal and maternal sides for several generations the Sculls come of English stock. Ann Seiler, Guy's mother, was Swiss and her maternal ancestors German. Nicholas and John Scull came to America in the ship Bristol Merchant, sailing from Bristol, England, on September 10, 1665. John Scull settled with his wife, Mary, at Great Egg Harbor, Province of New Jersey, between 1665 and 1700, and Guy was a direct descendant of this John Scull. They either were of Quaker stock or early joined the Quaker Church for it appears that Gideon Scull, Guy's grandfather, in 1800 was a successful woolen merchant in Philadelphia and a member of the Quaker colony there. It is also recorded that on September 26, 1816, he married a Miss Lydia Ann Rowan, who was a member of the English Episcopalian Church, and on account of it was "turned out of meeting." To this pair were born ten children. Gideon, the eighth child and Guy's father, studied law and was admitted to the Bar but he never practiced on account of having trouble with his eyes. He,

however, served as Admiralty Clerk Secretary and made two long voyages on U. S. men-of-war. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was commissioned a Captain in the Commissary Department and rose to be Chief of the Commissary of Missouri and at the end was retired with the rank of Colonel. He then returned to Philadelphia and entered the insurance business, afterwards moving to Boston and continuing it there.

In 1871 Gideon Scull married Anne Jertha Hedwig Seiler, whose father was a physician in Switzerland and her mother a German. The latter's family name was Stromeier and was Hanoverian, the male members of the family going back for several generations to an unbroken line of physicians and scientists, Guy's great-grandfather being a Prof. Stromeier of Gottingen, court physician of the English princes whenever they came to the Continent. Madame Seiler, Guy's maternal grandmother, emigrated to the United States in 1866, with her daughter and son, and settled in Philadelphia. Following the traditions of her family, Madame Seiler continued her studies in this country and in recognition of her contributions to music and science she was made a member of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, originally founded by Benjamin Franklin. She had the distinction at that time of being the third woman who won an election to this body.

## CHAPTER II

### BOYHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS

GUY HAMILTON SCULL was born November 2, 1876, in Boston, Massachusetts. In unusually complete and carefully preserved records kept by his mother, and to which she could readily turn at the age of seventy-eight, we find that the Skipper was an exceptionally fat and homely baby, and to those who knew his tireless, restless spirit and his nocturnal habits in later years, it is of interest to learn that for a while in this early period he slept most of the time. At the age of four, his mother's record shows that Guy had outlived this habit and was handsome and strong for his age; also about this time that he had a severe attack of scarlet fever and for a while his parents feared that he would not recover. But recover he did, and he never had any after effects, growing strong and vigorous. At the age of six he began his riding lessons and soon grew very fond of this exercise, his pony and a Gordon setter and in fact all animals, retaining this early-established affection all through his life. In Summer the Scull family lived at Beverly Farms and there Guy learned to swim, spending a great deal of his leisure time with his boy friends on the beach. His day, even at this

early age, was laid out in regular periods of work and play. At the age of ten he also began trapping muskrats, and was wont to go out early in the mornings to inspect his trap line, much to the disgust of his father who disliked to be disturbed in his morning sleep. It appears that one morning, in his efforts to make a quiet passage from the house, Guy accidentally dropped his traps and rubber boots just at his father's door, and the racket caused thereby nearly put an end to his sport of trapping.

At the age of ten young Guy had two hours of reading and writing French with a governess every morning and if the lessons were not well done or he was not promptly on time he was punished by being kept on the place all day. Guy's father and mother were most punctual, and required the same virtue from the whole household.

During those early boyhood days an incident in the mother's record of the child indicates that fortitude and courage, so conspicuous in his after life, were even then well rooted in him. It seems that Guy, like most other boys, aspired to a coat of tan and to be sure to get a good one he lay on the beach, stripped to his bare pelt. He stuck at it so long that when he came home in the evening his back was a mass of blisters and although extremely painful, the boy said not a word but went stoically to his room where his mother found him later, stripped of even his night clothes and bed sheets, lying flat on his stomach to escape even the touch of linen. It took some days

to get over the effect of this burn, but when he finally had he was very proud of his mahogany-brown skin.

Fourth of July was a big day in Beverly Farms. The boys made as much noise as any other boys ever did, had crackers and torpedoes, and in addition, regularly rang the church bell at 4 A. M., much to the disgust of their elders in the Summer colony who were trying to get their morning sleep. Guy had a fairly active time *that* Summer. By actual count, he went through ten pairs of trousers. Guy's mother played a considerable part in the activities of this group of children. One of them, writing of Guy, drops a line about her. He says she was always kind and sympathetic and seemed to understand that they could not play without making a racket.

That Fall, Guy's father engaged a New England schoolmistress to teach the children of the Scull family at home. The mornings were kept for work and the afternoons for play. Guy, it appears, was a good pupil and showed early powers of concentration.

His mother, writing from her family record of the boy and his brother and sisters, says:

"When Guy was eight years old he wished to have music lessons and chose the violoncello as his instrument. Mr. Wolf Fries was engaged to teach him. Mr. Fries, a much-appreciated musician, played the 'cello with great virtuosity and real musical feeling and understanding. Guy had a good ear and was by nature musical. Mr. Fries understood the child and made the lessons pleasant. A difficulty arose, how-



ever, in finding time for practicing without interfering with the study and recitation hour or the play hours of the afternoon, and Guy and I came to the conclusion that early morning before breakfast would be the best time. Max, Guy's elder brother, learned to play the violin, and as he also had to practice early and as neither of the boys did very good work alone, I was at the piano every morning at seven o'clock and the boys took turns working with me, and without interruption this programme was continued year in and year out until the boys went to college. Marjorie, one of their sisters, had begun to play the piano and one day their father said that if they would play a trio for him, he would give them a pony and cart. That was, of course, worth working for and after some practice the children could really play an easy trio quite nicely, and almost the whole of it by heart. After this we had a children's party and Max and Guy, with my assistance, played dance music for the occasion and it was a great success. About that time, or a little later, we had at our house a small dancing class of ten or twelve children, Madame Gravier teaching them the old-fashioned way of dancing and deportment. Guy did not care for this part of his education. Girls meant nothing to him then.

"Riding was the most popular class with Guy, and I think with the rest of the children. Mr. Henry de Bussigny, the riding master, was very fond of Guy and when a colt was born in his stable he allowed him





BEVERLY FARMS, 1886



the privilege of visiting it often, and afterwards when the colt had grown old enough to train, he encouraged him to help train it and allowed him to ride the colt exclusively, the boy taking much pride in teaching him his paces. Guy seemed to have a gift for handling horses. He had a light hand, never tired them, and was most patient and gentle with them, all of which was most useful to him in after life.

"During the Summers Guy spent all his free time on the water. He and his brother built a canvas canoe one Summer. I promised them a real boat if they could jump from a boat fully clothed, swim once around it and climb in again. They accomplished this test and were as a result, soon after, very happy as owners of a real boat. It was then that Guy was first called 'Skipper,' a nickname that clung to him for life."

One of his friends, writing of those days, says:

"There was a swimming hole called the Old Mill where, as I remember it, we spent nearly every waking hour for several Summers.

"The Old Mill was on the ocean side of the railroad bridge near the West Manchester Station, just at the foot of the Higginson home and at the beginning of the Denny Boardman point. The water from the big salt marshes which then stretched back to the main road, came under this bridge in a strong current at ebb tide, and poured inland at an equal pace when the tide was coming in. The current had burrowed out quite a hole in the beach. I think we liked it best

on the ebb tide because the water had been warmed in the marshes and we could play in it as long as we wanted. We used to walk along the track barefoot, with only shirt and trousers on, often having to dance because the ties and rails were so hot. It was quite a walk, but the distance mattered nothing and the time that it took us to undress when we arrived, although only long enough to provide for undoing about four buttons, seemed all too long. We often spent the whole day without a stitch of clothing on, digging clams, baking them on the fire, and taking an occasional swim when the spirit moved.

"Guy was always a leader. He and I were about the same size and we contested in every form of sport. Swimming, racing, throwing stones for distance, putting the shot with a heavier stone; jumping and running and wrestling. It was a great crew and we had many experiences which seemed like real adventures, and burned us brown as a nut.

"On the Fourth of July it was the custom for all of the gang to start making a noise at least at daylight and preferably before, when we decided that spending the night at home cramped our style, and so we undertook to spend it in the woods to be free to make an early start whenever we wanted. The mosquitoes had not been invited but came to the party, so there was no question about being waked up for the start. We were awake all night, and I imagine the neighbors realized that the Fourth of July had arrived very soon after the midnight hour. Then as

always Guy was careless about his personal comfort and reckless of consequences. If he wanted to do anything, he never seemed to count the cost or have the slightest fear. That was always an outstanding characteristic.

"In Boston we used to meet regularly after school and walk to a big vacant lot on Commonwealth Avenue opposite what is now the Hotel Somerset. There we played scrub football, choosing up sides and keeping at it until it was too dark to do another thing. Guy and I had enough allowance to enable us to buy one soda a day, if carefully conserved. We adjourned regularly to Gedding's, on the corner of Dartmouth and Newbury Streets, and wound up the day with a long and deliberate enjoyment of a five-cent soda, made with as little foam and as much liquid as the drug clerk could be persuaded to provide. When there was no football the crowd used to have a game called 'Trees,' a modified Prisoner's Base on the parkway on Commonwealth Avenue. I forget the rules but it involved constant running, tagging and tackling and a good deal of wrestling and general activity, which was good for the boy but bad for the clothes. Looking back from our present advanced years it is amazing that our mothers did not object.

"Later we both played on the football team representing a combination of Mr. Hale's and Mr. Noble's schools. Guy played end. He was reckless as usual and was nearly always the one who attained a bloody

nose or some other damage. When we played at Emery's Field in Longwood, Guy's elbow was dislocated and his forearm twisted round entirely out of place. A young English boy, who was playing with us, knew what to do and by a good deal of pressure snapped the joint back into place. Guy was lying on his back; the boy told him it was going to hurt pretty badly but Guy gruffly told him to go ahead; he did not wince or say a word and with a snap the elbow went back into place. We all admired him very much, and it was just one more evidence of the almost Indian stoicism which he always showed. (At home he never told of this incident.) Guy went his own way; was always reckless and careless of his physical comfort and well being."

Another one of the boys with Scull at Beverly Farms states that Guy was one of the handsomest and most fearless boys that he knew, and that all through life Scull was one of the men he always looked forward to meeting and swapping tales and opinions on anything—business, politics or adventure. In a letter to Guy's mother he pictures Guy as "a curly-headed boy in a gray flannel shirt dashing across the avenue and under one of the maple trees at our place at Beverly Farms. Another picture I have of him when he was somewhat older is at the wheel of his catboat coming into Rockport Harbor through the rain and fog. We were cruising together, the weather had turned foul and while my boat was being reefed he and Eben Stanwood had gone outside



to see how things looked. Eben told us afterwards that when they got out where it was rough and were turning back to report that it was no day for little boats to be at sea, they got in irons so that they lost control of their ship. We were only fourteen or fifteen years old and Eben confessed that it was very disagreeable and that he was thoroughly scared but he said Guy seemed to rather like it.

"In our fifteenth year Guy was given a twenty-foot centreboard catboat and I a twenty-one foot jib and mainsail boat. His was the more comfortable and mine the faster and more seaworthy. Neither boat had any inside fittings except transoms with cushions on which two or three boys could sleep. Our cooking utensils were old-fashioned Florence oil stoves, a sauce pan and a frying pan. Our food was Hecker's oatmeal, eggs, potatoes, onions, pilot biscuit, bacon and canned goods. Really, the only decent meals we had were at the houses of friends. Of course we didn't appreciate this, and thought our own half-cooked dishes delightful. The cabins were so small that it wasn't possible to sit up quite straight and of course everything got damp and mouldy and there was a permanent smell of a mixture of mustiness and kerosene. On the other hand, there was the morning plunge as soon as we waked, the complete freedom of the life, and the excitement of relying on our own skill and judgment for the first time.

"Our first cruise was around Cape Ann to York Harbor and back. The run from York to Cape Ann

is about 30 miles and across Ipswich Bay the straight course carries you seven miles off shore. On the afternoon of our return trip, while we were still several miles from Cape Ann, we ran into a very black looking squall. I remember looking anxiously at Guy's boat, which was nearly a mile to leeward, and wondering whether they would be all right. Fortunately the wind wasn't very great and was quickly followed by a calm and some light airs. By this time it was dark and we hadn't seen Guy since the squall shut down. We anchored in Gloucester about 10 o'clock and when we waked about five the next morning there was Lester Monks, who was Guy's crew, grinning down the hatch at us. It seemed that they had been hit harder than we had and were blown off their course and out to sea while reefing. Then the wind dropped and they had had a long, slow beat all night, not reaching Gloucester till daylight, found our moorings and tied on to our stern. Guy told us that while sitting steering in the dark, he kept noticing a red light that seemed a long way off. All of a sudden he was stopped by a coasting schooner looming up out of the darkness and passing very close. The light he had been watching was her port sailing light. This was his first cruise, and he was so green that he did not realize the danger he was in until it was past."

In 1889 Mrs. Scull took her four children to Europe to visit their German cousins. Guy, aged twelve, was apparently either too young to appreciate what he saw or he was not interested. He was

bored completely and quite frank about it. Only one museum, the Historical Museum in Dresden, took his fancy. As for his German cousins, they did not appeal to him at all. They spoke very little or no English and Guy's German was equally poor. The patience, tact and diplomacy of Guy's mother must have been stretched to its limit on this trip. She does not write much about it.

"When we returned home," she says, "Guy had outgrown our little home school and we sent him to Mr. Hale's school from where he graduated for Harvard, and while in this school he led the happy, care-free life, full of the activity of a schoolboy of his age.

"The relations between Guy and his father had always been very happy. Guy's quiet, thoughtful manner appealed to his father, who was a bright, intelligent man, highly cultivated and informed, and who took a great interest in his son's progress though without taking much active part in his development. Both were great readers and rather introspective, and very fond of each other. This bond grew in intimacy as the years went on, and was a pleasure to them always."

"He was a handsome, lovable, adventurous and pugnacious schoolboy and he retained these characteristics until his death," writes another friend. "He came to my house as a friend of my children, but he soon endeared himself to the rest of the family, and for many years was a frequent and welcome guest. He was treated, and, I think, considered himself as

one of the family, and after his return from each of his adventures he took his place again as one of the family with no apparent break in his friendly relations.

“As he afterwards developed he became a man of high character, of unimpeachable honesty, of undoubted courage and of a strong will. His most striking characteristic was his extraordinary personal magnetism, which was unfailingly felt by all with whom he came in contact.”

### CHAPTER III

#### HARVARD—1894-1898

SCULL's first year at Harvard was very much like that of any other freshman. Unlike many of them he passed his entrance examinations with no conditions and even worked off at this time his advanced French and German. Having been born in Boston, and the Back Bay at that, and also prepared there for college, he knew many of the upper classmen and faculty. For two years he roomed in Claverly. He had a certain entree, so to speak, which, whether it meant anything or not, certainly meant nothing to Scull. The Skipper made his own way as he went along and here at Harvard this independence and dislike of the conventional things first shown in school days took firmer root in his character and made friends for him here as they did in after life with people in every walk of life and in about every race, creed and color.

A member of Scull's class and one who afterwards became his brother-in-law, met him early in college life and cemented relations underneath a fighting, struggling mob of Freshmen and Sophomores in the annual rush, each believing the other to be an opponent until the pack unwound and in the light of day



they saw and recognized each other as warriors on the same side. Later they took rooms together in Holworthy and this was the beginning of a long friendship. Both of these men went in for athletics during their Freshman year, his roommate making the Freshman nine and Scull the football team and crew. In Sophomore year Guy rowed on the Sophomore crew; the other stuck to baseball and, in 1898, made the Varsity. Scull, with the exception of occasional tennis, rowing and sailing, put most of his leisure time in digging up material for writing, in which work he suddenly began to take a deep interest.

During his four years at Harvard he was active in about every phase of college life. He was president of the Freshman Glee Club, president of the O K Society, vice-president of the Hasty Pudding Club, secretary of the Harvard Advocate and a member of the English Club, the Signet, Institute of 1770, O K, D K E, and Alpha Delta Phi.

Scull's friends were not of any one group or clique and included many men in other classes.

"I did not see a great deal of Scull in Harvard," writes one of them, "although we had a great many friends in common. He was extremely good looking, decidedly different from the average run of undergraduates—a little more taciturn—and a dreamer. He was familiarly known as Skipper, I suppose through some familiarity with boats—but I always felt that the sobriquet was one of affection as much as anything else. He had rather a delightful voice,



HARVARD, FRESHMAN YEAR, 1895



or at least we thought so, and used to manufacture his own tunes for some of Kipling's poems; a particular favorite of his in the little group which used to sit around him being 'Gentlemen Rankers.' Most of his songs were decidedly sombre, but so was he.

"Professor Copeland of Harvard used to read to an English class of his articles which Scull had written as a war correspondent in South Africa. One in particular made a great impression on the members of the class,—'The Battle of Colenso,' in which Scull describes the death of a gunner. It was tremendously powerful."

Another man who, like Scull, went in for writing, and their common interest founded here followed side by side for a long term of years in and out of college, through newspaper work, editorials, and into short story work, essays and fiction, describes him in this way:

"It was in the year 1894 that I first saw him in a class room looking, with his uncommonly well-chiseled features, so much more like a piece of classic sculpture than anyone else in the whole place that you immediately wanted to know who he was. It did not take long to find out or to know him himself, because he immediately responded to any friendly remark and never forgot the speaker afterwards.

"Because of his family life in Boston, Guy naturally belonged to the somewhat carefully picked and pruned college social circle, but with a simplicity peculiar to him he knew almost everyone with whom he

came in contact. He discarded all of the little refinements, and 'side' which college boys normally adore, dropped from him with something like a curse.

"He went in for athletics at first. Then he took up writing for the college magazine. Through the *Harvard Advocate* I got hold of Scull's work and we wrote a story together which was pretty typical of undergraduate mental development. That is to say we pictured a college chap going to a cheap hotel with a girl he had picked up on the street. So far so good, or rather so bad. But at a certain point in the story we caused our hero to make a great renunciation, and he came back to Cambridge with feelings of considerable virtue and a well-developed sense of protection towards the weaker sex.

"This story, which we signed 'Basil Courtney Underwood,' caused a bit of a stir in the college community and was referred to by 'Copey' (Prof. Cope-land) with due seriousness in the class room. But this was a comparatively trivial effort for Scull.

"One afternoon he came into my room and said that he had thought of a great thing he wanted to write but he doubted if he had the power to do it now—would have to wait until he was older. But in a few days he came back with the story all written: It was called 'A Man and the Sea.' It was simply the description of a man, alone in an utterly empty ocean, battling for his life. He had escaped from a shipwreck on a crude raft which sank under him, leaving him to fight it out by swimming until he went down. It was



printed in the Atlantic Monthly by Walter Page who was then editor.

"Once we were riding out to Cambridge on the last car. The last car to Cambridge always carried the dregs of society, both student and otherwise. Scull and I had been dining and talking late, in fact in those days we used to wander aimlessly about the picturesque North End of Boston and the docks until all hours of the morning, just for the pleasure of being there. In this last car that night a rather small, thin man got in with a huge bundle of laundry in a basket. He wanted to sit down with his bundle, which he might just as well as not have done, but the conductor ordered him on the platform. Scull's face got very dark and tense. He did not say anything, however, but when the conductor came along for his fare he gave him a pretty battered old nickel which he had found somewhere. The conductor said he would not take it, but Scull looked at him as if he intended to kill him. All he said was: 'That's all you'll get,' and after the conductor looked at him he decided to drop the subject. Scull hated that conductor so deeply for not being respectful to the man with the bundle that it took him an hour to forget it.

"One night we tramped out towards Revere Beach, passing innumerable delightful cemeteries and marshes, and to make everything perfect we were actually arrested as vagrants by a large policeman and taken to police headquarters and held until daylight."

Scull's letters to his mother during his college career are longer and reflect his thoughts and his work much better than those written in later years. When he began to write, for instance, these letters for Scull at least were almost verbose.

In one written May 15, 1897, he says:

"I take this opportunity of writing you—not that I would intimate that I do so because I have nothing better to do, for nothing could be better—but because I think this letter will just catch the steamer for Genoa. You see I have become long-winded, so to speak. I have been reading a great deal lately, a great deal of Eighteenth Century literature and have thus become somewhat lengthy in my talk. \* \* \* My plans for the Summer are not yet settled although I am determined that they shall take some form of literary work. It might please you to hear that I was elected on the first to the Senior society corresponding to the Signet and of a similar construction. My eyes are practically all right again. I have just sent in a story to the Youth's Companion from which I hope favorable results. As for work in general it goes rather slow. I am thinking of a story now to use primarily for my O K initiation, connected with the hospital but not concluding, strange as it may seem, with the death of all concerned. In this story I intend to venture on a relation with the 'tender passion,' which must be treated with exceeding care. This, you see, is rather a new departure and I hope thereby in this particular story at least to bring out

the pathos and power of the situation without the aid of things pertaining to the morbid state."

A week later he writes his mother that he has just had a piece of excellent luck in that the Youth's Companion had accepted the story he had sent it: "So you see," he writes, "I am at last to appear in the print of a real magazine. True it is only the Companion but a magazine for all that. I say at last as if I had struggled for years without success. Perhaps it is bad for me to attain this little success without having gone through a longer trial of failure. It may give me a too good idea of my own power. I do not think, however, that I will become a victim of that disease familiarly known as swelled head.

\* \* \* I have an example too striking to permit my following in his footsteps and besides Mr. Copeland is at my elbow so to speak to see that I am told sufficiently often that my work is not worth anything.

"In reading a little book to-day where friendship is mentioned I hit, quite by accident, upon the solution of a problem which I have many times before heard discussed. It has been said and is in fact almost a general truth that silence between two friends is the greatest test for friendship; that it denotes the communion of souls. I have also heard it said that silence is the expression of uncongeniality, but that when persons care for one another they are interested and will talk. Both these theories are in a measure correct. The first state of affairs is evolved from the similarities of natures; the second results from

friendship being sprung from dissimilarities of character."

In a letter written May 30th he tells his mother that Mr. Copeland had opened the way to an introduction to Mr. Page, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, by showing him several of his (Scull's) articles for the *Advocate*. Scull adds, in his modest way, that he doesn't think this will develop into anything, but if it does it would be a big thing for him. This introduction evidently did result in something for on June 2nd Scull received a personal note from Mr. Page accepting for publication one of the sketches submitted called, "Within the Walls." Mr. Page wrote:

"To publish a sketch like this is a new departure for the *Atlantic*—a departure that I am not sorry to make. \* \* \* I pray you, however, send me any more that you may write. \* \* \* I have a very hearty appreciation of this little sketch and I hope to see you and to hear from you at your convenience and often."

This letter greatly encouraged Scull to write more. He immediately made arrangements to spend that summer in Boston working on a newspaper there and to continue writing for the magazine. Great must have been his elation a week later when he received another letter from Mr. Page accepting for the *Atlantic* another sketch called "A Man and the Sea." Scull wrote his mother this news with much apparent joy and enthusiasm and adds: "Tonight (June 21, 1897) is Strawberry Night at the Pudding and I am going

to take the part of 'Professor Bartlett' in a light comedy." The friends of the Skipper who didn't know him in Harvard can hardly understand, even by the widest stretch of imagination, how he could ever be induced to get on a stage even as scene shifter!

Late in June he writes his mother that Mr. Greenough had secured him a place on the staff of the Boston Herald for the coming summer and that he was going to room with Sam Fuller. He strikes a very serious vein in this letter by closing as follows: "Cambridge has been very dull lately, as most of the boys have gone. Do you know I think I have changed a good deal this Winter. That stage of existence which a good many men go through on leaving college; when they first begin to realize that Harvard instead of being the universe is only a pleasure garden, and that the real existence is outside; this stage I think I have passed. I have been, I am afraid, a little morbid in my views of life, but now I have somehow grown accustomed to things, and the morbidness is going away. Don't think, mother, that I am at all unhappy, for I enjoy myself very much; this is merely the way I look at things when I am alone."

Scull's letters to his mother that summer told of his work on the Boston Herald, of his reporter associates, the various kinds of assignments he received, of the pleasures and drudgery of the work and how "done" he was at the end of the day's work and how difficult it then was to sit down and try and construct a plot or write a story. He evidently did try to



write another story but he confesses that it was another morbid one and that he got so worked up in the writing of it that he was compelled to go out in the night and walk the street to "keep the balance of my mind."

The subject of his choosing a permanent occupation was apparently then up for discussion in the family, for Scull in a later letter says:

"What Doctor Weir Mitchell told you and Dad about the necessity of some regular means of support for an author, outside of his work, is perfectly true, but I also think, and my work now does much to prove it, that if a man wishes to write, it is best if he has no other demand on his attention. Tell Dad I suppose I will get paid for my stories in the *Atlantic* but it will not be much. The *Youth's Companion* sent me a check for \$30 for the story I wrote them."

There is a reference in one of his letters to his mother that summer concerning women. She must have been informed that her son was engaged.

"There is no cause for you to worry, mother," writes Scull, "even if Miss G—— says I am engaged. I have as yet no thoughts of getting married; rather on the contrary the older I grow the more I see the fallacy of tying yourself down to the prosaic existence of matrimony while still so young. You may think I am talking over my head in thus expressing my views, but when a man is young and healthy why should he blindly tie both hands and feet and lead the



same life as that of an elderly man before he had seen this world of man."

In another letter Scull gives an interesting picture of life in the City Room of a daily newspaper when he describes a rush Saturday night as follows:

"I had been in Charlestown all through the evening interviewing ward politicians on the coming State elections in the fall. About half past eleven I got back to the office and began to write out my interviews. At first I wrote easily, in no great hurry, but suddenly it was called to my attention that the paper went to press earlier that night than usual. It then became a race between the old white-faced clock on the wall and my poor wits. You would have laughed had you read the tremendous and almost meaningless phrases that I put into the mouths of those politicians that night, but the copy had to be in before quarter to one and I had little time for a suitable distinction of words. At last I finished; handed in my work to the old gruff night editor and filling my pipe enjoyed a good smoke while the presses rumbled beneath me." Scull adds that he has received several compliments on his sketch in the Atlantic but he realizes that if anyone thought it poor he would not have been told so and was, therefore, not in much danger of getting a swelled head from his first production.

Late that summer in another letter he admits to his mother that Professor Copeland has pronounced

as "no good" his last attempt at a story. While this rather discouraged the Skipper he acknowledged that Copeland was an excellent judge and that he was fortunate in having such a friend.

"I know that I must expect that some of my stories will turn out failures," writes Scull, "that I cannot always do Atlantic work, but it hit me a little hard at first, that after I had once got my foot in a crevice of the wall to have it partly dislodged by a flat failure, still I will keep pegging away at it but I don't think I will write any more stories until I have had a rest. There must be something strange about my make-up for I can take no delight in what I have done if I am not at the time doing as well or better. For instance, when I received a copy of the Atlantic with 'The Man and the Sea' in it, it sort of threw in my face, if you will excuse the phrase, that lately I have been a failure and that at present there seems little chance of my making myself anything else, but as soon as I get to writing on a good theme all this immediately goes and I begin to picture a brilliant future for that yarn that is gradually growing in substance as I write."

In all these letters through that summer there are constant references to the health of his father, who was in Europe with his mother, inquiries as to his health and sincere delight upon receipt of news from his mother that his father was improving. Scull spent the end of the summer before returning to college for Senior Year with Humphrey Nichols at



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York Harbor, where they enjoyed themselves immensely, sailing and swimming.

Well into the middle of the fall term he mentions women again as follows:

"It might be of interest to know that I have fallen in love again. She is a western girl, tall, dignified and possessing a well balanced and charming disposition. But this morning I have seen her for the last time. It was strange that it should turn out so but as I was doing my best to win her affections it appeared in the conversation that to all intents and purposes she was engaged to a slim, insignificant man who sat in the corner by himself; and it afterward appeared in the conversation that that man was a graduate of Yale. Strange, but a trifle embarrassing for me."

Scull finishes this letter by announcing to his mother that he is at work on a story of which he has great expectations. He says: "It is a wild sort of a yarn, full of ships and wrecks and the sea. It begins with a man watching the dawn break over Boston Harbor and after diverse incidents ends with that man's burial at sea. I am sorry to kill another man but this fellow is to have such a wonderful end that for him to miss it would be losing half his life."

In one of his last college letters Scull refers to his last year at Harvard:

"Soon my college career will be a thing to look back upon; something that has gone into the wreckage of the past; that all these men whom I see laugh-

ing and cursing around me, who may be said to make up the circle of my friends, will be scattered to the thirty-two winds of heaven, seldom to be seen again. And, as for going to my Class Day to hover about the muslin dresses and be passed ice cream that is melted, I have determined to inflict no such punishment upon myself. This, however, is a long ways ahead and needs no argument at present."

This last letter was written some time before the approaching June. A number of things happened in the meantime, all of which turned out to be big events in his life: one, that he was chosen Class Poet by a vote of his class, and another, that the war clouds which had begun to assemble over Cuba were bringing the United States nearer and nearer the final act of declaring war, and finally with the blowing up of the Maine, the declaration of war against Spain. Scull never wrote his class poem but did write the "Toast to '98." He went through his last year up to, but not including, Commencement Day. The war spirit had run high in Cambridge; one by one, a number of men had disappeared from college to enlist in the Army and Navy. Scull was growing restless. He offered his services to the State of Massachusetts and received this rather stiff and formal reply from the Governor:

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of April 23rd which, with other similar applications, will be referred through the proper channels for proper



consideration. Thanking you for your patriotic offer,  
I am,

“Yours very truly,

“Roger Wolcott.”

Then, one night after the last Hasty Pudding play in which Scull took a part, he and a number of his mates quietly slipped out of Cambridge without even saying good-bye and headed for San Antonio, Texas, to join the Rough Riders. This quiet and unostentatious departure of Scull with his mates was characteristic of him. There was no cheering and parade, no playing of bands and waving of flags, no send-off. His mother and father might have known of his intentions but they were in Europe at the time.

On this subject Dean Briggs of Harvard College wrote Scull's mother as follows:

“I am sorry to hear that your son Guy has been called away to military service. I wish he might not have had to go so early but I appreciate the spirit of his going and wish him all success.”

To Scull himself, Dean Briggs wrote this:

“I heard you had gone and I heard too that you had gone without much formality. I have no doubt you were doing exactly what you thought right and though I believe most men would do better if they waited, I cannot be sorry, after all, that some Harvard men were ready early and can only wish you all success.”

A friend of the Scull family, who was in Cambridge on Class Day, described this impressive ceremony of the class of 1898 to Scull's mother:

"When the moment came for the Class Poet to appear the Marshal came forward and announced that there would be no Class Poem as the Class Poet, Guy H. Scull, had joined the Rough Riders and was at the front. The theatre rang and rang again with cheers."

At the class dinner the "Toast to '98" written by Scull was read with appropriate ceremony. It runs:

#### HARVARD '98

Four short years at college is all that men will stay,  
The class will break asunder, in silence drift away;  
Some of us may meet again, thirty years from now,  
Some we'll see most every day,  
And some we'll never know;  
And when we're wrinkled, old and worn,  
With long hair turned to gray;  
And we march in sad procession on our last Commencement Day,  
For one good toast, we'll fill her up  
Before it grows too late,  
We'll snap the stems, with bottoms up,  
To the Class of 'Ninety-Eight.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE ROUGH RIDERS—1898

SCULL embarked upon his first great adventure in high spirits. What his departure lacked in the noisy send-off of other volunteers, it certainly did not lose anything in the high lights of romance. There was the enthusiasm of youth, the lift of impetuous classmates and associates, the inspiration of approaching Commencement, the firing of his imagination by the international events leading up to the opening of the big drama, the sudden decision to enlist, the throwing of discretion to the winds, the abandonment of his degree and the night departure of himself and his mates for the Southern encampment.

We catch a momentary flash of this spirit in a letter he dropped to his mother while on his way South. It is dated May 4th, from Washington.

"You will," he writes, "be a little surprised to hear that I am in Washington. I am here to enlist in the cavalry regiment. You see, a good number of the fellows from college are going into this thing and I find I cannot just stay in Cambridge with them going away. Scudder is in it and Guy Murchie, Dave Goodrich, Charlie Bull, Hal Sayre and others, so you see I am in good company. As to the actual

chance of getting into any of the fighting I can say nothing. I hope we are sent where there is some kind of a scrap. I cannot help it, Mother, and I do not think you would want your boy to stay at home, being a good citizen, while other friends all went to war. Washington, I think, is beautiful. It is summer here. I have seen a good deal of the place, the monument, a negro driver and a beautiful cheap lunch, also a pretty telegraph girl. I am afraid it will be hard to get my letters off regularly but I will write you whenever I get the chance. I am thinking of taking a banjo with us to serenade dark-eyed señoritas (the last word may be wrongly spelled). I have finished my work for Mr. Job and sent it to him. I expect to find some fine material for stories in the business if it does not fall through. Good-bye, Mother, I will write soon again."

The Spanish-American War did not come up to Scull's expectations. Instead of fluttering guidons, flashing sabres and wild charges through Spanish lines, the Skipper experienced nothing but the drudgery of camp life, the hard routine of drill, and the misery of being left behind when part of his regiment embarked for Cuba. Then illness and a slow convalescence ended his Harvard dream of glory. But with all its disappointments, the war brought Scull into contact with as remarkable a body of men from all walks of life, East and West, as was ever brought together in one regiment—The Rough Riders, officially known as The First United States Volunteer



HARVARD, 1898





Cavalry, Colonel Leonard Wood commanding, Theodore Roosevelt, Lieut.-Colonel.

The regiment was assembled, in April and May, at San Antonio, Texas, recruited there and organized into troops and squadrons. Military training was also started there, most of the men being horsemen from boyhood and used to arms and the saddle under all conditions. From San Antonio this regiment was taken by train to Tampa, Florida, where it lay for several weeks, when two squadrons of it, dismounted, went across to Cuba with the first expeditionary forces under Shafter, the third squadron, which was Scull's, being left behind with the horses.

On May 9th, from San Antonio, Scull writes his mother of his arrival, that he is well and must hurry to report to Colonel Wood.

On May 12th he wrote again that he was in camp with the regiment at the Fair Grounds, was well and happy, and that his mother need not worry about his health for in the life they were leading it would be impossible to be in anything but the best of condition. He adds:

"Hal Sayre is second lieutenant in my troop. The men of the regiment are mostly ranchmen, so far as I can see, and about as fine a lot of men as I have ever met. Rough they may be, nor do they fall behind the cavalry reputation in the use of cuss words, but I was surprised to find how carefully they speak and what excellent fellows they really are. We are awakened by the trumpet at about dawn, then after roll-call we

take the horses to water and feed and clean them. The food is not quite as good as I get at home, though it tastes mighty good after working. We drill about three or four times a day, and lights must be out at nine in the evening. The men are full of fun, good natured, and willing to help one like me. When they address me they either call me 'Pardner' or 'Scull' or 'Skipper.' I cannot say when I shall get a chance to write again, so if you do not hear from me please do not jump at the conclusion that my fingers are broken and prevent me from writing."

The next letter four days later describes his first trick at guard duty. He says, "It was strange work for me, this watching a picket line of about seventy horses. Every now and then they would become tangled up and I would have to straighten them out, speaking to them to keep them quiet in the meantime. These horses have strange notions. Sometimes the men sing to them to prevent a stampede. When I came off duty my mind ran to horses, and in moments when I was not thinking of something particular I was unconsciously seeing horses; at night I dreamed of them in tangles. I have now been put on kitchen duty and my particular job is to fry steaks."

There is no letter to his mother between May 16th and June 3rd, at which time he writes from Tampa, Florida, saying the regiment reached there the night before after a five days journey by train. He says:

"There is a great swarm of soldiers here, and bustle and confusion exist everywhere. The life of a private

is not altogether a pleasant one, yet, you know mother that doing just such a thing as this is when I am most contented. I do not want you to worry about my going to Cuba. The fever is by no means so terrible as it is made out to be, and I am only in a volunteer regiment, after all. I dare say I have told you this before but I am so afraid you will worry where there is no cause. There are many things about this regiment I should like to tell you, though now to speak of such things would be disobeying the Articles of War."

The next letter dated June 12th states the news of his great disappointment.

"Two-thirds of the regiment," he writes, "are now aboard the transport waiting to sail for Cuba as infantry. Most of the men are all broken up over this turn of affairs.

"I have traveled some during the past month, coming East from Texas. Part of the time I was a guard standing on a platform car with a rifle and a .45 on my hip, a train of armed men rumbling along through a country, through green fields and woods where the grey moss hung in masses. Sometimes I would be there at dawn, sometimes when the sun was setting. The train stopped regularly for watering of the horses. This job took about five hours; the train also had to stop when a horse fell down in the box cars. It was a memorable trip.

"We had five days of this, and now we are left behind, but the regiment is a cavalry regiment and as

soon as our troops have gained a foothold in Cuba the rest of us will go over with the horses. The only thing I am afraid of is that the war will be over before I get there. Our Colonel is a fine man. He gave me the job of keeping a record of the Harvard men in the regiment, which relieves me from kitchen duty. 'Bart' Hayes (his Harvard roommate) writes that 'Copey' (Copeland, Harvard professor) has told him that my criticism has been accepted by the Atlantic. The banjo is a great success, and the song these men like the best is 'The Prodigal Son.'

" 'Gosh,' one fellow exclaimed, 'that young feller meant harm sure.' While still in San Antonio one of the men fell asleep on guard. I was on guard that night and we had a hard time of it because they put on extra posts without increasing the number of men. As we were not in hostile country the man only got six months in prison. If we had been in Cuba he probably would have been shot."

The days drifted on through June. Things were doing in Cuba but only rumors and camp routine came to those left behind at Tampa and the other army bases along the U. S. coastline. Tampa became a hotbed of fever and discontent. In Scull's particular group of cronies, Dave Goodrich became Second Lieutenant of D Troop, Bill Scudder obtained a transfer to the dynamite gun detachment destined for service in Cuba, and Hal Sayre became post adjutant. Referring to him, Scull says in a letter to his mother, "the poor boy's heart is broken,"

and adds for himself that she can have no idea of the miserable feeling that grips him because of being left behind. He keeps assuring her that he is well and in one of his letters gives in detail the number of doctors who may be relied upon in case of fever attack or any other illness.

On June 24th he wrote his mother recalling that the day before was Class Day at Harvard and adds: "As for the Class Day Poem there will be none. I was riding out to camp about sunset when this occurred to me, and down here it seems strange to think of the spreads, the muslin dresses, and the Japanese lanterns!"

July came and still no movement of the waiting troops southward. Writing on July 10th Scull comforts his mother with the thought that the heat in Tampa is no worse than in Massachusetts, which was apparently having a hot spell that Summer, but he adds that the monotony was getting on his nerves although he and his pals were hoping with the coming of each new day to hear of orders to embark, if not for Cuba at least for Porto Rico.

"I don't think," he writes, "I have ever told you how we live. Each troop has its own street, the tents on one side and the picket line on the other, so that all through the camp first comes a row of tents, then a line of horses. My saddle and bridle are at the door of the tent, my rifle and revolver just inside, and my horse is tied to the picket line in front of me. And at night, with my head outside, I can look up at the



stars and hear the crunch, crunch of the feeding horses."

There was another letter to his mother about this time telling her that he was well and again assuring her that there was no danger of disease and then came a long lapse. Scull had gone down with fever and dysentery. No letter went forward to his mother until August 2nd and this bore the date of Tallulah, in the mountains of Georgia, where Scull had been sent for treatment. His condition was worse than his family knew. If he realized it himself he did not indicate it in his letters to his mother. This is the way he breaks the news to her:

"I am afraid this letter is a little overdue, but you see I have been traveling. *I got a little run down in health* while I was in Tampa and as there was no chance of our going even to Porto Rico, the Adjutant sent me up here to get fat.

"It seems that the war was about over and I have learned how to groom a horse very nicely! I never before ran up against so much hard luck. This place here is interesting. Everybody is queer. I am living in a small house away from the bustle of the street, so to speak, with a great many vines to keep the sun off the piazza. It reminds me sometimes of the old house at Beverly Farms. A doctor owns the house. He is a thorough gentleman and has been a surgeon in the English Navy for a number of years. Then there is the old Major who is very fond of books and he and I every night discuss religion.



People come to visit him. There are three contemptible cads speaking with him now. They have come up from the Cliff House, the swell hotel. One looks like a barber, another like a groom and the other is a fool jackass of a boy who tries to be funny making puns. I wanted to shoot the whole crowd so I had to come away. This is a curious town. It begins at the top of a short hill and ends at the bottom. There are only twenty voters. The other night somebody tried to arrest somebody else, and in consequence the jail became full of prisoners and my friend the doctor was kept busy sewing up cuts. The Major just passed by where I am writing and said in his poor old voice, 'I think this is the coolest spot in the *city*!' I was wrong perhaps when I called it a *town*."

In a couple of weeks Scull had recovered sufficiently to leave this town and start north via Washington, D. C., where he was picked up by the squadron of Rough Riders from Tampa coming north on the way to its new camp at Montauk Point, Long Island, where it was to join the rest of the regiment, on its way by transport up from Santiago. On September 15th he wrote his mother that he had been mustered out, and that he was again a free American citizen. He mentioned the sadness in parting from his bunkies and added:

"There was a man in our troop who came from Bohn, Switzerland, and this I never knew until the day before we left when I sat eating dinner beside him in the kitchen. Such is the way we have lived

together for four long months, each one knowing the next man well and what he stood for, asking no questions as to former times and telling nothing, a life in which the present was the sole thought of all, and each happening affecting each man. You can see how closely we lived in that little company. I intend to go to Boston tonight and in that vicinity I will wait for your coming home."

For a picture of Scull as others saw and knew him with the Rough Riders, we have the letter of a fellow trooper, who was in school with Scull and an intimate of his after leaving college in later life. Gardiner had not seen much of the Skipper, however, between his school days and the morning Gardiner walked into the Rough Riders' camp at San Antonio, Texas, early in May, 1898.

"The Skipper," he writes, "was somewhat changed in appearance as he had grown a beard. I asked him what would be a good Troop in which to enlist, and he promptly replied 'C Troop.' This troop was raised in Arizona and was made up mostly of cowboys, miners, railroad men and a general sprinkling of the type of man one would expect to find in small country towns such as Yuma, Tombstone and Phoenix. Scull pronounced them all splendid fellows and consequently I went in with them, although I would have joined in any event, simply to be in the same troop with Scull. He stood out as the most marked man in the whole Troop of sixty-nine men, only four of whom were from East of the Mississippi.



THE ROUGH RIDERS, 1898



"During that whole Summer, which developed many trying times owing to the amount of sickness, the heat, the flies and the discomforts of camp life, Scull was never known to utter a complaint. He was a host in himself and was looked on as by far—in a way—the most popular man in the troop. Men from the plains who had no knowledge of an Eastern college man, fairly worshipped him. Typical of their feeling was the remark made once by a man named —— (who at that time was perhaps forty-five or forty-eight years of age, who had been a cow-puncher all his life and who—as far as we could judge—was about the 'hardest' specimen in the troop) when he remarked 'If Ah were a-goin' through a blazer and it looked as though the chances was slim, an' Ah wanted some backing, Ah would be a-pickin' Scull to see me through.' By a 'blazer' he meant a shooting scrape. When —— put his seal of approval on a man there was no question but what he was a man.

"During the Summer Scull was taken ill with a bad case of dysentery and was so weak as a result that he was hardly able to crawl around the camp. I well remember one day when he mounted a horse which was supposed to be reasonably amenable, but who proved far from such, and on observing the horse start out on a bucking match, trying to dislodge Scull, several men rushed up and seized the horse by the bridle to take Scull off, knowing as they did how weak he was; but such a procedure was not to

his liking and he yelled at everybody to get out of the road and leave him alone. The horse finally threw him and had he gone a foot farther he unquestionably would have been killed. (He landed alongside of the stump of a tree.) He was picked up, all out of breath, boiling mad and with his whole mind bent on mounting again, which he finally did, in spite of all protests, and he rode the pitching animal to a standstill.

"Scull, as I said before, was unique. When traveling in the train or on horseback his impedimenta consisted first and foremost of a tooth-brush stuck in his hat, and a banjo done up in cloth, from which he was rarely separated. Many an evening he would sit on a bale of hay with the best part of the troop sitting 'round about him on the ground, and would sing songs that never failed to please his audiences.

"He finally became so weak that he was sent into town by Lieutenant Sayre, and there lived for a couple of weeks. I shortly afterwards joined him. He did not seem to pick up at all, and I recollect one day when we were about expecting orders to join the rest of the Regiment in Cuba, that Sayre came to our boarding-house and knowing what condition Scull was in ordered him to the mountains of Georgia. Scull remonstrated and with due formality toward his former college mate, begged that he be not sent away, for fear we should receive orders to move to Cuba and he not be on hand to go. Sayre told him that he was not in condition to go to Cuba even if he received



orders, which so irritated Scull that for a minute he forgot his position and with tears in his eyes—which came largely from the force which he put into his remarks—he fairly yelled at Sayre, ‘My God, Lieutenant, there aren’t men enough in this whole damn regiment to keep me from going to Cuba!’

“Sayre calmed him down as best he could and he was finally persuaded that he simply had to go away. After this interview, to which I was a witness, Scull said to me as we walked back to the cottage:

“‘By gad, Penn, wouldn’t it make you mad to have a fellow that you could lick only a few months back now come and order you to do this, and do that, and he had got my hands tied!’

“Scull went away and when he rejoined us again he was a different man, having picked up wonderfully; but our squadron of the regiment never got orders to join the other two in Cuba. I do not think I have ever known a man who was so universally liked by those who met him. The indefinable attraction which he seemed to exercise over those who knew him, even slightly, drew to him many friends. At times he was moody and would talk very little, but when the spirit moved he was most communicative, but at all times he liked to be in the company of his fellow men.”

After being mustered out of the army Scull finished recuperating with the Greenoughs at West Chop near Boston that Autumn, waiting for his mother’s return from Switzerland, and while loafing

here on the shore took up his writing again working on the story: "Left Behind." From West Chop he went back to Cambridge and put in some time studying surgery, trying to learn how to tie up a cut, and bandage a broken bone. He writes of attending operations in the Boston City Hospital and his interest in watching the surgeons work. He saw Walter Page of the Atlantic, who asked him to do some more short stories. He also wrote editorials for the Harvard Crimson. About this time he began to notice girls. In one of his letters to his mother he wrote:

"I have fallen in love again. This time it is a girl I saw on the car, very beautiful with jet black eyes. I only saw her once and do not know who she is or where she comes from? It is strange that just in passing we remember someone and think of that someone more than of a person we have known for years."

That Winter Scull worked at his writing.

## CHAPTER V

### BOER WAR—1900

STEFFENS, City Editor of the New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser, encouraged Scull in his desire to go to South Africa at the outbreak of the Boer War. The difficulty was to finance his passage there. Newspapers as a rule are close figurers on expense accounts and the Globe did not see its way clear to gamble on the chance of the row in South Africa lasting long enough to pay to send Scull all that distance. Scull, securing the promise of the paper to print what stories he sent them, got his mother to finance the trip, and lost no time in outfitting. He bought his ticket, went to his rooms, packed up his belongings and sailed the next day on the S.S. "New York" for Southampton, with only a few necessities packed in a suitcase. His obtaining of his mother's assistance and his determination to go must have taken very little time. He wrote his mother only a few days before he sailed, and in the letter he makes no mention of South Africa or the war, but tells her of going up on the Ramapo Mountains to find a wild community that lived like primitive and barbaric mountaineers, and of his disgust at finding them peacefully gathered in a church and at service.

The man with whom Scull was living at that time said he came back to his rooms after dinner one evening and found the Skipper very busy packing a trunk. He asked casually if he was going away, and the Skipper grunted an affirmative and continued with his work. He turned in and awakened about three o'clock in the morning to find the lights in the room still burning. He jumped up to turn them out and found Scull still at his work and the room turned topsy-turvy.

"Looks as though you were going to move," he said.

"Yep," answered Scull.

"Where to?"

"South Africa," grunted the Skipper.

He sailed early that morning. His roommate didn't return to bed but stayed up and helped him to get the rest of his stuff packed and ready to send home to Boston. They bolted a scanty breakfast and Scull just had time to catch the ship before she sailed. The only letter of introduction, except his newspaper credentials, that Scull carried was one from Governor Theodore Roosevelt, which is reproduced on page 52. This Scull never used to help him through the British War Office.

A Boston publication, *The City and State*, of June 14, 1900, in referring to Scull's efforts in getting to the scene of this war, said:

"This young man started for the Transvaal with no natural advantages except a Harvard education, some money and credentials as correspondent of the

New York Commercial and Advertiser. In London he applied in vain for a correspondent's pass; delay after delay occurred; meanwhile Buller had left the coast. 'Give it up,' advised the newspaper men of London, 'your pass will come too late.'

" 'I'll go without a pass,' said Mr. Scull.

" 'Preposterous,' said the law-respecting Britons.

"Mr. Scull sailed for Capetown, was detained there, slipped into a rifle brigade, and made his way to the front—without a pass. Another correspondent fell ill and was recalled. Mr. Scull took that correspondent's place.

"He started from America on an errand apparently hopeless, and, as Richard Harding Davis wrote in a letter to a friend, when Buller's forces entered Ladysmith, Scull was the first man within the town."

Scull's adventures in this war, where he went and how he worked, must remain a blank unless we can locate some of the English or American correspondents with whom he messed, or were attached to the same army. Scull did not stay long with any detachment. He soon discovered that if he was going to get anywhere and see anything he must cut loose by himself. This he did. He has told several of us the way he went about it, how in order to do this he had to forage for himself and his horse; to practically live on the country; and a country at that almost stripped by the raids of the contending forces. So while these stories remain in memory, in a general way, the detail which is so important is lost. In



Scull's writings from the field were some of the best things he ever did. We know he was the first man from the relief columns into beleaguered Ladysmith. Richard Harding Davis himself generously gave Scull credit for that.

The Chicago Record, one of the newspapers for which Scull was writing, in reporting this event states that its own correspondent (Scull) was so modest that he failed to report his most notable achievement, and continuing, states that the news came in a private letter from Richard Harding Davis, who wrote from Ladysmith under the date of March 1st as follows:

"I rode twelve miles at a gallop to be the first man in Ladysmith, but was beaten by Scull, Harvard '98, the correspondent of the Chicago Record. He was the first to enter the city."

Some two months later Bennet Burleigh, a noted English war correspondent, wiring from Johannesburg, states that he and an American named Guy Scull entered Johannesburg the night before General Roberts occupied that city, made a tour of it unmolested by the armed burghers, and returned in safety to the British camp.

A dispatch from Albany, N. Y., on the same day states that Governor Theodore Roosevelt proudly called the legislative correspondents' attention to the fact that one of the first two men to enter Johannesburg ahead of the British army was an American, a graduate of Harvard, and an ex-corporal of the Rough Riders.



"I remember well," writes one of his fellow war correspondents, "the first time I saw Guy Scull in Africa. It was after the British occupation of Bloemfontein in the Orange Free State. We were on the march towards Brandtford, where the Boers had held the last meeting of their Government south of the Transvaal. It was a scorching hot day. I was riding slowly along with an Afrikaner scout, named Bleylock; suddenly he pointed out a strange-looking figure, astride a nondescript horse, with two worn old saddle-bags and a blanket roll dangling at his flanks; balanced across the top, tied with a bit of old rope, was a leather banjo case, almost as dilapidated as the saddle-bags.

" 'There's a countryman of yours, and a good war correspondent, I should say,' remarked Bleylock. 'Ever met him? Remarkable sort of chap! Has a marvelous way of getting into scrapes and getting out again.'

"The figure on horseback turned in the saddle. I got a glimpse of a clear-cut profile with high cheekbones, a Grecian nose and deep-set gray eyes. Where had I seen that face before? Suddenly it came back to me——! Guy Scull of Harvard! I remembered having met him on a visit to Cambridge, and having passed an evening at one of the clubs where 'The Skipper' had done his share of the entertaining. No one who ever saw or met Guy Scull would ever forget him. He had a remarkable face that lingered in one's memory. It suggested, in a measure, the strange, il-

lusive quality of the man himself. It was a mixture of the spiritual and the dare-devil; the face of the poet, the artist, the observer and the born adventurer and man of action.

"Guy Scull took a lot of knowing. No doubt there lived hardly a man who would have attracted such quick attention, and yet who might have been so easily misjudged. Shy, and yet forceful, retiring and reticent, yet fearless, and gifted with great powers of expression, he was more or less of a paradox. Surely to many he was a puzzle through those long months following the British Army on its dusty marches across the South African Veldt.

"But to get back to the story: As soon as I had recognized him, I trotted up and recalled myself. At first I thought he had forgotten who I was, but as I spoke of the meeting at Cambridge his face lightened up, and with that funny little twisted smile of his, he said:

" 'That was a great night we had, wasn't it?'

"I pointed to the banjo behind him. 'I see you brought her with you,' I remarked.

" 'Yes,' said Scull; 'Some people think it's the only baggage I've got.' Surely for a few weeks, I myself thought that the old instrument and the meagre saddle-bags were all his impedimenta, for to all appearances, he and the old horse were going it alone.

"As we rode on together, I could not help but take in carefully 'The Skipper's' make-up. It was customary for the war correspondents to wear a uniform

that was really semi-official. But with a careless disregard for convention, which was one of his characteristics, this particular correspondent disdained, for the most part, all military trappings. He was dressed in an old pair of corduroy breeches shoved down into most disreputable boots, and wore an old short overcoat that was sun-burned and washed out by the rain into a light, indescribable pea-green and blue, and moreover, it was principally attached to his person by another rope in lieu of a belt.

“‘Had a funny adventure just now,’ observed ‘The Skipper,’ after we had chatted a little about the war and the weather. ‘Was arrested for being a Boer spy and taken up to headquarters for identification. Gee! I thought I was going to be shot at first! But I got a good story out of it.’

“‘What mess and what unit are you attached to?’ I asked.

“‘Oh, nowhere in particular—I just float around,’ he replied. ‘Good fellows, these Britishers. They treat me fine.’

“‘We dined together that night in the open air. He tethered his old horse close to mine, and as the evening fell, he took the patched-up banjo out of its case and sang ‘My Name, It Is Jack Hall,’ picking and plucking at the old instrument, in an easy, slurring fashion that seemed to go with his style of singing.

“‘That was one of many evenings we spent together. It was a delight to have him sitting there and to hear

him talk and reminisce. When once he got started his shyness seemed to leave him.

"The British officers did like him and he was welcome at any mess. It doesn't take an Englishman long to recognize 'class,' no matter how it is dressed, and they never made a mistake in sizing up 'The Skipper.' I remember one night—it was the evening of Guy Fawkes day, the fifth of November. He strolled up to a group just after they had finished evening mess. He wore the same old overcoat, and, I think, the same old piece of rope, and very lately it was evident that for his resting-place he had sought a straw stack or a hay mow.

"A shout of welcome rose.

" 'Gentlemen,' observed the Major, bringing him up to the fireside, 'Here he is!' and observing the straw and general make-up, he continued, 'Let's burn him tonight, in honor of the day we celebrate.'

"No one seemed to enjoy the joke better than 'The Skipper' himself, and yet he could be touchy, too, at times, and especially if anyone ever offered him assistance. One of the correspondents, out of the goodness of his heart, proposed in rather an embarrassed way, to let him have a khaki coat and another pair of riding breeches to replace his much-worn habiliments.

" 'I've plenty of good clothes,' replied Scull, 'but somehow I don't seem to connect up with them. They're back with the baggage somewhere on the march.'

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB  
NEW YORK

Oct-25<sup>th</sup> 99

To whom it may concern;  
The bearer, Guy H. Hull,  
is a fellow Harvard man,  
and served honorably  
and well in my  
regiment, the 1<sup>st</sup> U.S.V. cavalry  
(Rough Riders). I vouch  
for him in every way,  
and guarantee him as a  
soldier and a gentleman,  
to be trusted under all  
circumstances.

Theodore Roosevelt





"And thus the story came out.

"He had a half share in a wagon and four mules with another correspondent, an Englishman, whose forte seemed to be reporting all the doings at Rail Head, for he seldom seemed to get up into the first line and though his name was celebrated as a recorder of historical events, never but once or twice had he been known to be nearer than within distant sound of a battery in action.

" 'The Skipper' had quarreled with him and had parted company, regardless of the fact that one-half of the always belated outfit was his to claim if he had wished.

"I well remember the day at Pretoria, that his wagon caught up with him, and 'The Skipper' blossomed forth in a brand new khaki suit and a wide and most becoming 'smasher' hat. He was a picture to behold. But nothing would induce him to have his photograph taken. I firmly believe he was more afraid of a camera than he would be of a cocked and loaded revolver.

"I have a photograph of myself, struggling desperately with him, while one of the other correspondents tried to make a record of 'The Skipper's' phiz and costume.

"There is neither time nor space to relate his adventures or to tell many of the stories that were woven about him. But one thing can be recorded: there was no keener observer than he, and no surer pen than his recorded the many sides and actions of that little

war, costly as it was at the time—the little war that proved to be the training ground and school for that army that, fourteen years later, outnumbered eight to one, held back the German right wing, and stopped the all but victorious on sweep toward Calais and the coast. ‘The Skipper’s’ articles were always worth reading and though he said little of himself, his individuality seemed to permeate them. No one else could have seen the things the way ‘The Skipper’ saw them, or recorded them the way he did.”

Scull’s letters to his mother cover the whole period he was in South Africa, but like his other letters, they are for the most part very brief and confined to statements as to his health and the wonderful recuperative powers of the country and climate through which the army was passing. They date from his sailing from New York in October of 1899, and apparently the longer he stayed away from his mother the longer and more interesting they became.

Extracts from some of these letters follow in the order in which they were written:

*Frere Station,*  
Jan. 1, 1900.

Happy New Year to you all. Here we are sent back to Frere Station to await further developments in this dragged out affair of a war. In my last letter I spoke of three artists with whom I am living. One of them is a man by the name of Booth. When we go visiting I put on a handkerchief to conceal my lack of a necktie and Booth puts in his false front

teeth. Between the two of us we make a very presentable appearance. Booth and I have found some shade near the river where we do our work. It is a quiet summer afternoon here. Herds of cattle are grazing on the hillside. Now and then comes the cry of a bird or the curious speech of a Kaffir. Beyond the swish of the river there is nothing else to be heard.

Jan. 23, 1900.

To begin with, I am well and then I want to tell you that I cannot write much this week because the battle has kept me busy. Good luck to you and much love.

*Alandale Hill,*

Jan. 31, 1900

The last two weeks have been rather of a rough time with us. I seem to stand any amount of riding and work. For five long days a battle has been fought here and as you know the British were driven back from the hills and now we are wondering whether Ladysmith can hold out until this column can bring about relief.

*Ladysmith,*

March 8, 1900.

Here we are in Ladysmith and after all it seems no way out of the general run of things that we should be here. (Not a line about his leaving the column and going ahead alone into the besieged city even before the Boers had retired.) We have had a bit of a rest and feel much finer in health. The last two weeks have been rather of a pull. Of the two stamps I enclose, one was given me by a man named Squire

who was once an actor and is now a war correspondent—a man who when riding with you along the road sings songs or recites parts of plays he was once in. The blue stamp I found in a Boer trench. I have received word from Mr. Steffens that my work is going well but I am afraid that from the great press of work I have lately not been able to keep up to the mark. I hope you are taking the Chicago Record and clipping my articles. Don't mind about clipping the telegrams. I find that my work here has done me a lot of good. I find that I can write much faster than before, but I wish that I had time to put more thought in my work.

*Bloomfontein,*  
March 24, 1900

I am afraid I have been missing some mails lately because I have been traveling for the past two weeks from Natal to this place to go with General Roberts' force. On our journey from Kimberly to Bloomfontein we were compelled to go by road. Night before last we left Boshoff at six o'clock in the evening. Maxwell (London Daily Mail) and I rode and our luggage followed in cart. In this way we traveled through the night till three o'clock in the morning when we had crossed the ford over the Modder River. At five o'clock, when the dawn came, we started on again and traveled through most of the day. Meanwhile it rained and one of the cart horses proved balky. Ahead of us on either side and behind us there was only a hopeless waste of land and the horizon. So, you see, to ride 24 hours at a stretch, with only four hours sleep, and this after two weeks of no exertion, proved in what good condition I am.

I am afraid I swore at that horse who balked in crossing the Modder. The river was washing the body of the cart and the stones were in the bottom of the stream. What possessed that horse to stop in the middle is more than I can see. But, assuredly, he will never go to Heaven. The driver had to yank at the horse's head while I rode alongside with the water high up over the saddle, and lashed the horse with a whip. It took us over half an hour to cross. We expected some difficulty the first thirty miles out from Boshoff as there were two commandoes of Boers in the district through which we had to pass and when a dog barked or a strange horse neighed we came to a dead stop and listened and talked and whispered as though we were actors in a dime novel scene. But, all through the night there was not the sign of a Boer. Before starting out we had procured Boer passes as far as Bloemfontein, so if we had actually been held up on patrol it would not have mattered; still, we had quite a time pretending there was much cause for excitement.

*Bloemfontein*

March 30th

All this evening I have tried to write my newspaper stuff but either I am tired or something. The words won't come. The mail closes at six tomorrow evening. I had better get some sleep and start the job early in the morning. There was a small battle yesterday and we had a long ride back at night. I was something like fourteen hours in the saddle with only an hour and a half rest for lunch. So it goes and I rather wish it would stop and let me sit in a steamer chair, and let me watch the ocean slide back, going home.



April 14th

The army under Roberts is still waiting. There are rumors of the right and left columns of the advance moving up on either side to surround the Boers. The whole business is very slow. There are a large number of correspondents here. A man named Pearse of the London Daily News and I have become good friends. He is a very tall man and a gentleman who can talk well on almost any subject. Then there is Maxwell. If you look in the Illustrated London News you will see some drawing of the war by F. A. Stewart. During the time I was with Buller I lived with Stewart and while I was writing stories he was doing these same drawings—three of us working by the light of one candle. I intend coming home directly this show is over.

*Bloomfontein,*  
April 29th

Special Extra:—I have not been offered a commission on General Buller's staff nor enlisted in the Highlanders. I am still a correspondent, and in all human probability will continue so.

*Kroonstad,*  
May 14th

General Hamilton is moving on beyond Pretoria and I am compelled to go with him with the army on the march. It is impossible to do much writing.

*Johannesburg,*  
June 2nd

We expect now that the war will be finished in a short time, probably by the time this reaches you I will be on my way home.



*Pretoria,*  
June 7th

We have got to this place at last. I shall wait here for at least a week to see what is likely to happen, before deciding to return.

Evidently he did not wait any longer than a week, for on June 20th he cabled his mother at North East Harbor, Maine, U. S. A., that he had arrived at Southampton, England, on the steamship Dunottar-castle. He sailed for New York from Southampton a few days later.

Shortly after Scull's return from South Africa he was invited by Governor Roosevelt to dine with his family at the Executive Mansion in Albany. He wrote his mother about this, how much he enjoyed the evening, what a delightful family the Roosevelts were, what a charming woman Mrs. Roosevelt was, and concludes, evidently for the relief of his mother's feeling: "Yes, I wore my evening clothes."

## CHAPTER VI

### NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE WORK 1899-1910

From about 1895 through and until 1910 Scull wrote fairly continuously at about very nearly everything a man could. He began to write in Harvard, first for the *Advocate*, then for other college publications and during vacations for such newspapers as he could connect with. From this start he set out to get something accepted by the magazines and when Mr. Page accepted "A Man and the Sea" Scull was so elated that he worked early and late at his writing. There were interruptions like the breaking of the Spanish-American War and later his trips afar, but whether on the go or in Boston or in New York Scull kept up his work. He did reporting, editorials, short stories and even attempted a play and started several books. This work covered such a long period and played such an important part in his life that it is thought best to give it a chapter by itself.

Professor Copeland of Harvard is the man who is credited with awakening the Skipper's interest in literature and he probably knew at that time what was most in Scull's mind as to what he wanted to do. He took a special interest in Scull's work, advised him; corrected and criticised his work and it was

probably on account of the encouragement received from him that Scull made the progress he did.

Walter Page, afterward Ambassador to the Court of St. James, then editor of the *Atlantic*, had accepted Scull's first manuscript.

In June, 1899, Scull's father, after a protracted illness, died in Venice, where he was sojourning with Mrs. Scull for an interval of rest during their travels through Europe. Guy immediately went to Europe, returning the end of July. The family home on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston was closed when he returned and, deciding himself that it was up to him to earn his own living, Guy went to New York to live with a classmate, who had rooms at that time in a fashionable boarding-house in Madison Avenue, and began work on a newspaper in that city. The establishment, where they were, boasted of an English valet and the first night the Skipper was there the valet took the clothes the two men had worn that day for cleaning and pressing. His roommate was fortunate in having two suits and was not inconvenienced in the morning when he dressed to go to his office. Scull as usual was careless and indifferent as to dress and had only one suit. In consequence he had to stay in bed the next day until the valet brought back his clothes and he then and there declared that he and a valet couldn't live under the same roof and took himself off to get another lodging house where he declared he could put his own clothes on without asking "some flunkey's permission."

Before leaving Boston he had secured an introduction to Lincoln Steffens, then City Editor of the New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser, and upon presenting it was given employment as a reporter for this afternoon paper. Steffens, following Professor Copeland, became Scull's literary confessor, and he soon knew the Skipper's ambitions better than any one else. Scull went to Steffens with his literary tangles. Steffens humored him, eased him over many a hard place, scolded him and bullied him when necessary. Steffens, undoubtedly, developed Scull's writing while he had the Skipper under him. Scull would even take a ragging from him.

Steffens, at the time this story of Scull's life was compiled, had left newspaper work and was traveling, writing and lecturing. He was on one of his long jaunts in Russia at the time of Scull's death, and came back to the States early in the following year and immediately started for the coast on a lecture tour. From there he went into Mexico to collect data on Mexican history and from there started East to catch a ship sailing for Europe and the Russian people to whom he is devoting the rest of his life.

Steffens had with Scull on the Commercial Carl Hovey, now of the Metropolitan Magazine; Abraham Cahan, a graduate of a Russian University and a refugee, now the editor of that vastly successful daily paper, "Forward;" Hutchins Hapgood, who was afterwards to be an interpreter of radical movements; Robert Dunn, who was to do much fine writ-

ing and to see the War on five fronts and write about it, beside Humphrey Nichols, Larkin Mead and a lot of others, who came and went; and each one of these men was a strange object in a newspaper office where persons and work tend to get reduced to a routine level. Steffens, always an extraordinary man, possesses a romantic belief in the superiority of creative expression to mere business or material effort. So it was an odd and wonderful thing that Scull could come from the academic atmosphere of Harvard to a newspaper job in which many of the esthetic ideas of Cambridge were in the air he breathed. I doubt if he ever again found any atmosphere more congenial, although he was a many-sided man and found himself at home in many places.

Steffens wrote this:

"Somebody at Harvard sent Scull to me: he said they told him I would take a mere writer. And I would. I wanted men who could write, so I passed the word that I would take no reporter on my city staff, no man who wanted to be a newspaper man; I wanted only fellows who cared to write—plays, poems, essays, tales. And Scull was this sort.

"He looked this sort; a careless dresser, a loose-moving, absent-minded beggar, his interest was in 'mere' writing, 'mere' art. Really he was an artist. He had to be told, when we gave him an assignment, where to go, how to get there, what car to take, where to get off. And, halfway there, he would telephone for a repetition of his instructions. Some-

times he disappeared, never came back, till the next day.

"Once when he went to 'cover' the measuring of a yacht for an international yacht race, he was so lost that I had to send out another reporter to get the measurements and then find Scull. When the second reporter came back, he had Scull in tow, and pointing to our humble sheepish friend, he explained:

"'Found him on a wood-pile, back of the dock, writing a poem, swinging his legs over the end of the dock and when I asked him what he was doing he said he was "just thinking a few thoughts."'

"No matter, when Scull could happen at a place where there was something to see—with his eyes—he could write it so that the reader could see it. No one ever read Scull's stuff; all he had to do was to look at the page; and he'd see it, see it as a scene. Scull was great.

"We had him do scenes, here at first, then finally the Boer War. You know. The English papers stole his stuff till they could buy it. It was right to steal Scull's stuff. Art is for the love of it; and it is no crime to steal a picture or a good paragraph.

"Scull was a success with me. He served us as we wished to be served. But we served him, too. We made him write.

"'Hurry up, Scull,' I'd say, knowing what I was doing. 'Paper's going to press. That's a "must." Force it.'



"He would look up at me, in agony, pleading for mercy.

" 'Jam it,' I'd order, 'Hard.'

"And he'd do it, and go off, sick. It wasn't right; not finished, not perfected; that news paragraph, and I guess he hated me sometimes. But I did make Scull write.

"That's what he needed. Poor slave of art that he was, he couldn't do it alone. Scull's tragedy was that, loving English, he knew what it ought to be. Some Devil had told him how to write, how not to write. He was a conscious artist. So he could never let it go at that. He could never leave it. There was always something more to do. How he did try. That man worked. And what 'we' forced out of him shows that, if he had had an editor all his life, an editor that understood and cruelly treated him with love—Guy Scull would have done us some perfect English about our beautifully imperfect life.

"Good-bye. I have told what Scull wouldn't do. You have forced me as I forced him. Take it as I did—for what it's worth. And again, good-bye. You are paying a tribute to a beautiful man."

Occasionally Scull was allowed to try his hand at theatrical criticism. He wrote his Mother:

"Tomorrow night I shall probably be sent to see a show. But only probably, as my last criticism was cut down to three lines and even then they were none of mine. Yesterday I bought a violin. Tonight I

am to call upon the Holts. I can hear Dad saying, 'I hope he puts himself in evening clothes.' "

There were very few of even Scull's most intimate friends who knew of the depth of the Skipper's literary ambitions and the genuine foundation for them.

"The only ones I know of," writes a fellow worker on the Globe, "are Professor Copeland and Steffens. Scull was very shy about this and as he grew older grew touchy about the subject. All of us come in contact with people who think they can write but don't. His case was an entirely different matter, because he had the goods. The fact he could not do the thing in demand at the moment proved nothing. In spite of the fact that he never achieved a real reputation as a writer I was convinced in college and am equally sure now that he possessed a literary gift as rare as it was troublesome to the owner. He could not write ordinary things. Only the deepest and most elemental passage in life made any appeal to his genius.

" 'A Man and the Sea' was a cameo—a sketch if you like, of a perfect and deep-toned sort. Yet there was a note of tragedy in the production of a genre so really useless in literature. Scull could have gone on producing such things all his life, but as the effect he wanted to produce, and did produce, could only appeal to expert judges of literature, and not in any way to the general public, it became a piece of self-expression, a futile kind of work. As a painter Scull could have expressed his feelings of the elemental tragedy of man, or man's loneliness, his friendliness,

his generosity towards his fellows, his sentimental kindness to woman, and a lot of other deep-seated and tremendous attributes. He could have done it as a poet. But it could not be done in prose unless you were a novelist or short story writer. He was neither of these.

"I have dwelt upon this beautiful little sea piece, 'A Man and the Sea,' simply because it is so significant of the whole future of that side of Scull which I knew best.

"Precisely the same extraordinary qualities were found in the descriptive articles he wrote for the New York Commercial Advertiser about the Boer War. Anyone who read these stories of the fighting in South Africa, pictures of camp fire, battle and march, and do not feel that the writer possessed a genius for the poignant, the sad, the picturesque, just as, say Chopin possessed it, or Whistler possessed it, is simply without imagination in this regard.

"Appreciation of his work, Scull met with from many persons and on many occasions. Copeland was probably the first to see what was in him in a literary way. Walter Page immediately recognized the extraordinary quality of the short things which he saw. Steffens realized that Scull was doing beautiful things for the paper and gave him all the encouragement possible.

"It was the narrowness of his gift, the fact that it did not regularly fit into any of the ordinary journalistic or prose forms, which defeated him. Even war

correspondence has to be at times prosaic, matter-of-fact, and commonplace. Scull could not be commonplace; he could not be prosaic. Facts bothered him to such an extent that the effect was humorous, and the result was that in the newspaper office his work covered two extremes—at one moment he was the brilliant war correspondent from South Africa, but the next, as soon as the war was over, he was doing the poorest drudgery of the office such as writing the daily weather story. How Steffens used to smile at Scull in his shirt with his sleeves rolled up over his muscular arms attempting to forge, like a blacksmith, a light readable weather story.

“For besides being a personality Scull was also a figure. To some men he always appeared a wild, somewhat ragged, Don Quixote ready at any time to give you the price of a drink, or start on an expedition to rescue a former Sunday School teacher in Chinatown or shove off for South America for hidden gold. Scull mocked his serious side, he never talked about his writing to anybody, and he liked to feel that he was always ready for a desperate adventure—which he really was.

“All sorts of foolish things stand out in my recollection of him. One afternoon Larkin Mead, a reporter on the same newspaper with Scull and myself, and I were waiting in the Criminal Courts Building for something to happen. It was an incredibly gray and gloomy November day and we were both sick of the over-heated, crowded corri-

dors smelling of antiseptic, and the overshadowing Tombs. It occurred to us that it would be very pleasant to spend the afternoon in the cafe across the street, drinking, but none of us had any money. We thought of Scull, who had just come back from somewhere in the Tropics, and using one of the newspaper messenger boys we sent a note to him at the office to come at once as we were in great need. Then we went over to the cafe, settled down at a table in the balcony, ordered everything we wanted, and waited for him to find us. Of course he came, wearing no overcoat and a straw hat which he had purchased in Colon, of the brand 'El Popular.' Why should I remember that hat? As soon as he had learned of the great emergency he dug down deep in his trousers pockets and drew out numerous pieces of crumpled-up green paper, and everything was pleasant for hours to come.

"Guy Scull was a poet and a Don Quixote, and he would have made a great pirate if he had not had a tender heart.

"My recollections of Scull are an absurd mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. As he had friends of all sorts and conditions you will undoubtedly receive pictures of him which make him appear at one time like a Richard Harding Davis, at another like an indomitable sleuth or government agent, and at another like one of the conservative pillars of society. I have no doubt that he was all of these things. To me, however, he was a man whose genius never found



sufficient expression—essentially and really an artist.”

“I went to the Sargent exhibition the other day,” writes Scull in one of his letters to his Mother, “and was much impressed by the pictures. It is an absolute disgrace that an exhibition of portraits of so famous an artist as Sargent should be used as a place of meeting for ye good people of Boston town to sip their afternoon tea. There is an appreciation of art for you.”

The men whom he met in New York and those whom he came in contact with through his work on this newspaper made a great impression on Scull and helped to fix more firmly than ever his desire to write real things. He made a great many friends. It was while he was still in this reporting work, but at the time doing special work for the A P that I met him. Firm and lasting friendships are sometimes founded on little and very unimportant episodes. Such was mine with him.

It was during one of the series of yacht races for the America's Cup. This one was off Sandy Hook, a long beat to windward down the Jersey Coast and back again. With a number of other reporters for afternoon newspapers I was stationed at the Western Union and Postal towers on Navesink Highlands where with powerful glasses the racing yachts were followed over the course and their progress reported by wire direct into the offices of the various City Editors.



On this particular day, however, visibility was poor. From the Navesink Highlands the most powerful pair of binoculars could not even raise the lightship far inside the starting line. In the emergency I conceived the idea of riding a passing train down to Asbury Park, off which the turning mark was anchored, trying for the time there, flashing it back into my office and possibly scoring a beat. I reached my objective early, located the telegraph office and ran a mile down to the beach to pick out an observation post. The only things available in this line were the Summer hotels all closed, the season being over. However, I chose the tallest of these, watched my chance, stole up the back stairs, broke out of a balcony window and laboriously climbed the steep roof to the ridge pole. As I came over the top I saw, much to my dismay, a long-legged man astride the highest peak, with binoculars glued to his eyes and talking to a telegraph operator who had somehow fastened his instrument to the shingles, and while hanging on with one hand, was working his key with the other. Neither man paid the slightest attention to me.

"Hey," I finally shouted. "Got any objection to my being up here?"

"Help yourself," returned the long-legged one.

Then issued a conversation something like this.

"Boats in sight?"

"Yep."

"Shamrock leading?"

"Nope."

"Anywhere near the mark?"

"Nope."

I unslung my glasses and tried to bore through the thickness off shore to pick up the racers.

"'Bout where are they?"

"East by Nor'east."

"Where's the mark?"

"Dead East."

"Bad day for it."

"Yep."

"Sending much?"

"Yep."

That ended the attempt at conversation and I confined my efforts to following the boats towards the mark. Finally they reached and turned it. In the meantime the operator had been ticking off the story of the race as it was dictated by the long-legged one with the binoculars. I got the time and was wondering how I could get down without falling off the roof when the long-legged one turned and said:

"Got a wire?"

"Yes, a mile away."

"Ten minutes help you?"

"You bet."

"Good. I'll hold my flash ten minutes."

I slid the roof, ripped the seat of my trousers and broke all records, one hand free, for the mile flat. At that, the long-legged one from the roof beat me

into his office with the flash. Reporting yacht races is not regarded as serious work and ten minutes is not much of a start, but it was serious business to us and meant much in those days with an edition waiting and all the chances between that ridge pole thirty-odd miles down the Jersey coast and Park Row.

"I didn't know about that nail in the roof," said the Skipper to me a few days later. "If it hadn't been for that nail I had it figured we'd broke about even."

Such is a good illustration of Scull's enterprise, his kindly heart and his strong sense of fair-play.

While quartered at Asbury Park that autumn Scull wrote his Mother that this town was about the dullest place on the face of the globe but that the sea air was good.

"This is Sunday night," he adds, "and the people in the hotel here are singing hymns and may the Lord have mercy on their souls when they die."

Another newspaper man writes:

"Guy Scull and the hours we spent together stand out in high relief in my memory. On this newspaper a number of the staff were banded together by a community of interest and we two were among them.

"I remember him as a man of few words and passionate silences. Literature, poetry, and art in general, seemed to be his religion. I can just see him pulling away at his pipe, while listening to some debate on Turgenev or Meredith with eyes flashing sparks of his inner fire. From the few words he

would drop, one could see the full sincerity and depth of his interest in matters of this kind.

"As for his own work on the paper, outside of routine reportorial matter, his specialty was humor—funny, snappy causeries, staccato sentences, crisp and alive with a sense of the drollness of human existence, which piqued my curiosity and interest inordinately. I remember cracking a cheap joke: 'He is a peculiar Guy, with something back of his Scull.' There he sits at his section of the long, dill table, which was occupied by the reporters, in his shirt sleeves, pipe in mouth, his eyes crinkling up in an intense study of the air before him. Then, with a sudden swoop, he would fall to writing and smoking with amusing vehemence. He made me feel that I had an ardent friend in him, while he inspired me with enthusiasm for himself. The more I knew him, the less I seemed to know him. And yet I felt as though the less I knew him the more I seemed to understand him.

"I never saw him after he left the paper. His image is one of the striking portraits in the album of my memory."

And yet another, who was assistant City Editor of this same newspaper when the Skipper was a reporter, says of him:

"He was a lovable character, modest, diffident and so very retiring. I write this on copy paper—what better epitaph for the Skipper—however, what I have to say poorly conveys the picture of him as I knew him!

"When Scull made his appearance on the city staff of the 'Commercial Advertiser' we felt sorry for the loose-jointed, uncouth individual who had dared enter a field where mental activity and good leg work were essentials. It was not very long, however, before we all had to change our minds about Scull. We quickly appreciated the fact that behind his mask of modesty there lurked a keen mind, ready wit and literary ability of no mean order. His funereal face would light up frequently in telling a story and it was a delight to listen to him.

"The Skipper, however, was prone to take things literally and this habit one time led him into a bad fix. A morning paper had an interview with Senator Foraker, of Ohio, on some of the then important business of the hour. The interview had been obtained in Washington, but that morning in looking over the 'Hotel Arrivals' I found that the Senator had come to this city. I called Steffens' attention to the interview and suggested that we send some one up to see the Senator and we might get an amplification of the subject.

" 'All right,' he replied, 'send Scull.'

"So I called the Skipper and giving him the newspaper clipping containing the interview I said: 'The boss wants you to go and see Fire-Alarm Foraker and ask him for further facts.' I elaborated somewhat on the matter, to all of which Scull listened carefully, but in a somewhat puzzled way. Subsequent events showed that he had not the faintest idea

what I was talking about. However, like a good reporter, he started off. About an hour later he returned.

“‘Well,’ I asked, ‘did you see the Senator?’

“‘Yes,’ he replied, with that delicious drawl he had, ‘but what did you call him?’

“‘Foraker.’ I answered.

“‘No,’ he insisted, ‘you used another name.’

“‘For a moment I was stumped. Then it dawned upon me.

“‘I called him Fire-Alarm Foraker. That is a nickname which has been applied to him in Ohio and in Washington.’

“‘That’s it,’ cried Scull in a relieved way, ‘I called him Mr. Fire-Alarm and they threw me out.’

“Scull never liked to be tied down to the routine of a newspaper office. He was fortunate in having a man like Steffens as his City Editor. He wrote his copy with stumps of pencils, used any old kind of paper and in fact was the most disorderly member of the staff in that respect. He stood alongside of my desk one morning and after contemplating the several piles of clippings intended for different members of the staff, the entries in the assignment book which I had to make for Steffens and the pile of ‘City Copy’ arranged in the order of importance, he sighed and in most lugubrious tones said: ‘Gee, you’re a wonder.’ He never explained the remark. Perhaps it was sarcasm.

“When the Boer War broke out Scull vanished.



The next thing we knew about his whereabouts was the receipt from him of letters from South Africa describing events there. One letter I remember well. Steffens read it through and then giving it to me said, 'Put a good head on this.' The top line I chose was 'How they fought at Colenso.' That letter should be looked up in the files of the Commercial Advertiser and reprinted.

"While in a news sense the letters were discounted by the cables, yet they had a wonderful literary merit. There was no attempt at describing military manoeuvres, but his were stories of men and battles that had attracted world-wide attention, told in a wonderful way. In reading them I forgot I was in a building on Park Row and was transported for the time being to the scene of action. They were wonderful tales of wonderful fights, stirringly told."

"Skipper Scull was by all odds the most simple, lovable and entertaining man I ever knew," writes another man speaking of this same time. "In between the times he roamed the earth covering the Boer War, the Balkan flare-ups and other trifling assignments in his scheme of things, I shared with him most of the special story assignments on the old 'Commercial Advertiser.' These ranged from trailing Bill Devery about his night post at the 'pump,' to French balls, gunmen outings and police raids. If he had to cover the story I usually went with him, and he came along when I had to write it. We started at the Harvard or Yale Club and wound

up at the Skipper's room, where he invariably stripped to the waist and sawed away on the 'cello for hours. We lost a lot of sleep, but we gained a good deal of experience in the other side of life, that the Skipper never tired of looking over. He loved all sorts of people, as I imagine Dickens must have done, and nothing human in any end of town ever seemed to surprise, ruffle or bore him."

From the time he began contributing to college publications in Harvard Scull wrote continuously either as a reporter, contributor or war correspondent for about ten years. He covered the Boer War in South Africa, the Venezuela complication, the flare-ups in the Balkans, the opening of the Duma in Russia, explorations in Newfoundland, the Russo-Japanese War and the Buffalo Jones expedition to Nairobi, British East Africa. Some of his newspaper correspondence from South Africa during the Boer War is still used today as an example of pure English and strong descriptive writings in the English classes at Harvard University and Radcliff College. Lack of space prevents using any of his work in this book and it has been thought best to print his writings in a separate volume at a later date.

Scull stopped writing suddenly. As has been said he was shy and sensitive about this great desire of his. He was either way up in the clouds over some success or down deep in the dumps over a failure. What he needed was a literary mentor like Copeland at Harvard or Steffens in New York, but Scull was

too restless and too much on the move to pin himself to any one person. There were only a few he would even talk to about his work and criticism by others he would not accept. Eventually it was the action of one publisher in canceling a contract that prompted him to cut loose so abruptly from the writing game. This contract was made by Steffens, his friend, while Scull was out of the country and when informed of the news upon his return after a long absence he was so elated and so sure that his future was made that when the publishers asked him to let them out of the contract on pure monetary reasons Scull was so disgusted that he would not even hold them to their agreement. To his way of thinking these men deliberately broke their word and he contemptuously declined to talk with them. He went into a sulk and none of his friends, even those closest to him, could budge him in his determination to abandon forever this field of work where a pledge and a contract meant so little.

There was, however, in the last year of his life a renewed interest in writing. His wife had succeeded where others had failed in arousing it. They even planned how they would resume the work together and if death had not come so suddenly when it did there is every reason to believe the Skipper would have in another year been writing again and from his great field of adventure and travel would have produced some remarkable work.

## CHAPTER VII

### VENEZUELA—1901

WHEN troubles between the owners of asphalt concessions in Venezuela made it look like interference by foreign powers or actual intervention by the U. S. A. Caprino Castro, dictator and self-made President of Venezuela, held the headlines of every American daily of any size for a good part of a year. Collier's Weekly had Richard Harding Davis, the war correspondent, engaged to cover the story, and James H. Hare, the photographer, to accompany him. But at the last minute something happened to keep Davis at home and Collier's signed up Scull. One of the editors of Collier's, who was rooming with Scull then as he had been some years before, says:

"This was where I got even with 'Skip.' The night before he left for South Africa I had casually asked him where he was going and he said 'South Africa' as nonchalantly as though he were headed for 'Jack's.' This night when he came home about 1 A. M. as usual and got out the old 'cello to play himself to sleep, I asked him where he was going in the morning and he yawned: 'Oh, I don't know.' and I replied 'I do,' and he asked 'Where?' and I said 'Venezuela.' That was the only time I ever had the Skipper guessing."

So to Venezuela went Scull on less than twelve hours' notice. Hare, who was his companion on this trip, tells the story of their voyage and arrival.

"We were the only two passengers in the first cabin of the Red D. Line Steamer," he writes, "and I remember the Port Captain bidding us good-bye and saying 'You two fellows have a private yacht to yourselves.' We boarded it in a blinding snow storm and on the way to the dock cashed our draft for expenses at the bank, deciding to take the money in gold in five, ten and twenty dollar pieces.

"I will admit I was a little disappointed at Davis not going, he was such a delightful companion and of course was a most experienced newsgatherer, to say nothing of his usually immaculate appearance, while Scull was practically a novice and in those days somewhat slouchy in appearance—but you had only to be in his company a short time to find out that appearances counted for little, and that he was a rattling good fellow, though somewhat erratic.

"This was confirmed when he suggested that we wouldn't need to keep a detailed expense account of how we spent our money, but just take a handful and when that was gone—take more! I always had a feeling that I was negligent in not keeping a strictly itemized account of my expenses, yet, here was a man who had me beaten to a frazzle. I discovered later when I came to know him better, that money meant nothing to him, that it was impossible for him to interest himself in it—but, when I picked up a Double



Eagle on the floor of his stateroom and discovered that he had at least \$300.00 in gold in his trousers' pockets hanging on a hook and the door open to any deck-hand to enter—I put up a protest that it was not fair to his room steward, because if any of it was stolen, the steward would probably be blamed—and then Scull consented to give his money in charge of the Purser.

"After a few days out of New York we ran into warmer weather and Guy's peculiarities asserted themselves, this time in a new direction. He decided he needed a haircut and asked me to act as the tonsorial artist, which I promptly refused to do—but that did not 'phaze' him, he said 'Oh well, I'll cut it myself' and sure enough borrowed a pair of scissors and hacked away at it himself much to the amusement of the officers and crew of the ship.

"I felt a little mean that I had not consented to officiate when I saw the results which can be readily imagined. But he was unperturbed. He had an old strap around his trousers, which were baggy and needed pressing, but when I would gently remonstrate on the looks of them, he would pull the buckle up another notch and say 'there, how's that?' and was happy and apparently oblivious of any shortcoming in his appearance. In fact, dress was about the last thing in the world to trouble him.

"It was very hot in Caracas and I bought a cheap white duck suit for myself as I noticed all the Americans and Europeans there wore white clothes—but



that only afforded him ground for humor, and he lost no time in chaffing me good-naturedly that I was 'a Dude.' I tried very hard to induce him to get into white also—but to no avail, even when Mr. Loomis, the American Minister, invited us to dine, 'twas the same old black suit which needed pressing that he wore with the same old strap around the waist, and he was as perfectly at home with Mr. and Mrs. Loomis as though clad in the latest dinner coat and gold buttons.

"Dear Old Skipper—he was too big a man to care about clothes in any man—himself included!

"Dr. Aughinbaugh and wife, Americans, were living at the Hotel in Caracas where we stopped and we soon got on friendly terms with them. Some few days after we arrived the doctor said:

"There was a pretty good joke on you fellows when you got off the ship. Of course we rubbered and enquired who you were and were told that the big fellow (Guy) was a journalist, but that the little one (Hare) had got slathers of money and had only come down here to make pictures! and I said to myself, where do these Englishmen get all their money?"

"Needless to say that was one on me. Here was I, a poor, struggling photographer with a wife and half a dozen kiddies to provide for which kept my nose to the grindstone, and here was the Skipper just out of Harvard, son of wealthy parents, and I recognized as the rich man of the two."

In Collier's during March and April, 1901, ap-

peared Scull's articles and Hare's photographs. Scull wrote about the asphalt war, the international question, President Castro and his cabinet, the Venezuelan people at work and play, and in one article he touched upon the Leper Colony. Scull told me that what he saw he could not write because it was too horrible. Yet he was fascinated by these unfortunates. There is in this article of Scull's a touch of sadness and melancholy which is conspicuous in much of his writings, either because he was such a master of this style or because he so easily dropped into it. In telling the story of one of his visits to the Lepers he writes:

"The carriage turned around a sharp corner in the road, and before us stood a low, one-story building—all alone in the country of the forsaken plain—the building which had been reared as an asylum for the lepers of the land. \* \* \*

"Then as we came to the building others of this colony collected in a wondering group near the cutting in the wall—a high-peaked arch—which stood in the place of a doorway. They came forth from the inside of the building, stealthily, silently, gathering from the far ends of the broad brick veranda which fronted the hospital. They came in twos and threes, or singly, but always with scarcely any noise. Here came a man dressed all in white. Here came another from out beneath the archway resting his weight on the shoulder of a young boy, whose face had already become horribly marked with the disease. Here came

a man walking close to the balustrade of the veranda who, with an outstretched, fingerless hand, leaned with each step he took on the uppermost stones of the balustrade. Behind him followed two women, each with an arm about the other's waist. The man who leaned on the balustrade stood head and shoulders above the rest. The face of this man was unlovely; and yet, when he laughed at something the interpreter said, that laugh was like a human being's. In the background stood two women. One of these was well on in years—the hair had receded far back from the forehead, and there were curls there, like an old maid who is still careful of her appearance. On her hand she wore a ring that she might look the more beautiful. But her face was like the face of the man.

"Her companion was tall and dark-eyed and fair to see. Her skin was clear and unblemished. Her figure was neatly cut, and she seemed to have taken care with her dress—even the knot of her black velvet belt was tied to lie flat and even. She carried herself with the proud bearing of an ideal queen.

"‘The disease attacks the extremities first,’ explained the doctor as we passed by these two standing in the shade of the veranda. ‘She is beautiful now, but later on it will come to her face.’

"What the doctor knew, the girl also understood—the disease would later come to her face. She stood there holding herself erect, as if proud of what she still possessed, and wondrous fair to see, with her arm laid resting about the waist of the other woman

—this other woman, who was always present as a living example of what she herself would soon become.”

The doctor mentioned, following his work in this Leper Colony of Venezuela, went through the Bubonic Plague in India and in China. Scull in the Collier's article refers to him as continually smoking cigarettes, dwelling at length upon the dexterity with which the doctor “rolled his own.” After Scull returned to New York he sent a copy of Collier's to the doctor. The doctor, it happened, never smoked. He is rather particular about this and he wrote Scull immediately expressing his surprise at any necessity of having to refer to him as a smoker when he, Scull, knew his aversion even to the odor of tobacco.

“I will never forget,” writes the doctor, “Scull's reply to my criticism. He said that he knew how easy it was for men in public life to get into trouble in Venezuela and on what small pretext they had been arrested and thrown into prison and he had purposely inserted this allusion to my smoking in order that if anything came of the article that I could say in my defense that this man, the writer, never knew me or saw me because everyone in official life in Venezuela knew my aversion to smoking and that I did not smoke. Such was the farsightedness of this man Scull. He was thinking of my defense and my protection all the time he was writing.

“I can never forget the terrible impression the several hundred patients in that hospital made upon

Scull. His sensitive nature revolted at the horrible sights which confronted him and his sympathetic soul was filled with pity for the sufferers within its walls. He told me that he never realized that a disease could be so terrible and wondered how humanity could stand it.

"I met Scull on many occasions in later years and he never failed to refer to this sad picture which had made such an indelible impression on his mind and which seemed to have seared his soul with horror. I have met many men of all stations in various parts of the world, but I recall but few who had the broad sympathy and the deep regard for his fellow men that possessed Guy Scull, and it is with no small degree of affectionate regard that I write these words concerning him."

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE BALKANS—1903

SCULL missed seeing the Big War the year he went into the Balkans. He was just eleven years too soon. There was a mobilization, innumerable skirmishes between irregular mountain forces and the Turks, with the belligerent Bulgarians strutting back and forth on their side of the line, and the Serbs, Roumanians and Macedonians kicking up a dust and threatening to start something along their line, but—no war. Still, as the Skipper said, “you never can tell, it might happen and agin it mightn’t.” So he quietly disappeared one day and took passage eastward. Those who knew “Skip,” remember that he prophesied when war came it would start in the Balkans, and he was right. He was on the scene looking for it in 1903. He tramped up and down the war belt, or front line, or whatever such zones were called in those days. He talked with the members of war councils, mixed with the soldiers, precipitated many and varied clashes between the authorities over permission to get into what squabbles there were, but he couldn’t find the war.

Altogether he must have had a most exciting time but if it had not been for his “bunkie” that year, we



would not have a line to tell us of Scull's adventures. This bunkie was John L. C. Booth, an artist on the staff of the London Graphic and a war correspondent whom Scull got to know in South Africa during the Boer War. Booth wrote a book on the adventures of himself and the Skipper and illustrated it.

"Trouble in the Balkans," is the title of this book, and it is dedicated to Scull. Skip's copy had on the flyleaf in Booth's handwriting:

*"To Dear Old Scully in memory of many Good Days.*

JOHN L. C. BOOTH."

"Trouble in the Balkans" starts right off, first line, first chapter, to tell about Scull. It reads:

"'Putties, shooting-boots, spurs (h'm—one strap broken), pistol, ammunition, sketch books, and so forth, down a pencilled 'list of kit,' as the objects mentioned (barring the broken strap) were fitted scientifically into a sturdy brown kit-bag—a dear old travelled thing, with a patch at one corner put on at Ladysmith. The studio was thick with tobacco smoke, and the autumn sun, filtering through the top-light, lit and glinted on small piles of the indispensables of a man preparing for rough times in the open. Out of the corner by the fire a newspaper rustled jerkily, and 'Skip's' voice observed: 'Say, there's hell to pay in Raslog. Here's a Reuter wire says insurgents attacked Turks near the village of How-d'ye-call-it, and Turks afterwards entered village an' massacred all hands. People burnt at the stake an' a real hot time all round. An' here's Laffin-an'-

Jokin' says negotiations broken off an' war considered inevitable. Whoopee! boy, if we can't get our throats cut this time you can call us slow!

"All summer the Sultan's troops had been amusing themselves on the above lines, and now it seemed that Bulgaria was going to strike a blow for her fellow Christians over the border. This cheery prophet in the corner—yachting ten days before at North-East Harbour, U. S. A.—had fired himself across the Atlantic, spurred by some such news as this and 'coming up with a song from the sea' found me in the final stages of 'go-fever,' the only cure for which is—to go. So together Skip and I rushed to newspaper offices, whose comfortable inhabitants predicted a lingering and untidy death and rashly entrusted us with the supply of a little news from the Balkans—the good old Balkans, where there's always something doing. So the kit was packed, the old studio locked up, and we rolled away under the Victoria signals, 'pulling out on the trail again.' And now, suddenly, the enclosing walls of the London life fell away from us, and dwindled, with all that was written on them, to littleness and unimportance. One's mind looked from a balloon and saw shops, 'buses, Tuppenny Tube, offices and editors as tiny things in an ant city. Nothing behind mattered. Everything important lay in that vague country ahead, pictured already in imagination. Two hours later, great-coated and hands in pockets, we were on the wet deck of the Flushing steamer, leaning against a solid wind that blew one's



### HUNTING TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS

*From a drawing by J. L. C. Booth in his book, "Trouble in the Balkans"*



moustache into all sorts of shapes, and smelling the good North Sea outside Queensborough harbour."

They spent a night in Holland, pushed on again across Germany and stopped off a couple of nights in Vienna, the Skipper running the customs "with everything on him including a big Colt at his hip," and nothing in his trunks. Booth describes one night spent in a Vienna cafe amid much music and gaiety and tells how the Skip picked up a strange instrument which he called a "double-shafted" guitar and made real music on it much to the delight of the Viennese.

From Vienna they crossed into Serbia and from thence went into Bulgaria, encountering many adventures of a peaceful nature. At Sofia they found the air full of war talk. Troops were on the frontier, resources, stores and supplies dumped at the railroads. The two strangers had a wonderful time fraternizing with the soldiers and the politicians. They marched with the troops and they marched by themselves. Becoming bored with the guides they gave these same guides the slip and tried short cuts to the nearest trouble zone, were caught and examined by sundry authorities, the Skipper in each case assuming command of the situation and in his American fashion bluffing it through. Then they would promise to be good and go back to the regular lines of travel. For weeks they slept in the open or on some bench in a mountain cabin. Booth describes one evening adventure as follows:

"An outside staircase from the yard led to the bedroom, and its window looked out on to a wooden balcony occupied by a flock of geese which flapped and cackled to the banishment of all sleep. In due time from Skip's bed came a muffled voice—'Say, you fellas, why don't you chase those dam ducks out o' that?'

" 'Your job,' yawned the Oof-bird;\* 'you two both nearer the window than I am.'

" 'If I move,' said I, 'this rickety bed of mine'll fall to pieces. Go on, one of you.' Here ensued a mighty tramping on the staircase as half a dozen men advanced and drove the geese shrieking into the yard. But the cure was worse than the disease, for the new flock brought chairs, sat down on the balcony, and held a heated revolutionary meeting.

"We woke to find Dubnitzer in the throes of market-day, and after the solemn rite of Slivovitz had been celebrated, bored our way out of the town through a close-packed mob of ponies, oxen, wagons, sheep, fruit-stalls and some hundreds of queer-looking beings. Not least of these was our new driver, a person of most villainous countenance and a wall-eye. He was swathed from armpits to thigh in enough red cloth to carpet the aisle of The Abbey, in the folds of which was concealed everything he owned.

"Past the barracks and cavalry lines, where rows of smart little horses were being vigorously groomed,

\* Courier.



and out over a stout bridge. About a mile down the road the trouble began. The mummies were not 'for it,' a shambling run of ten yards or so being as much as they could manage at a time. 'Skip,' mounting the box, seized the whip and whaled them with all-embracing sweeps. Twice in twenty yards the



ON THE WAY TO SAMAKOV

driver's fur cap spun from his head into the dust, and the long lash accurately picked out the faces of the unhappy inside passengers. However, the beasts woke up a little, and under continued treatment maintained a steady average of three miles an hour as far as a little roadside inn. Here 'Skip' with streaming face threw the broken whip in the road and rested from his labours."

Finally tired out with their barterings and bickerings for guidance to the front Booth and Scull decided to give both soldiers and politicians the slip and attempt to reach a band of irregular forces who were constantly at war with the Turks in the mountains. So they hid away in the hills and finally located a revolutionary leader who arranged for a conference with his chiefs. The conference came off with all the stage settings of a regular Bowery melodrama.

"A tearing wind blew out of the darkness down the ill-lit main street," writes Booth. "The cafe lights at the corner and the chinks of the shuttered street-windows glimmered through a whirl of dust, leaves, scraps of paper and powdered rubbish which the gale whisked up and carried with it.

"In the gloom of a wall, sneezing in the thick smother, we waited and watched the street corner. Across the road a dark form stood in a doorway and watched the watchers. Now and then a man passed, hunched against the wind and holding his hat on. Suddenly round the corner came a short figure hurrying past us with a wave of the hand. At ten yards' distance we followed, stumbling over the rough roadway with the grit filling eyes and nostrils, till our guide slowed down at a deserted corner and let us come up with him.

"'It's all right,' he said in a hoarse whisper; 'he will be there. Come quickly and make no noise.'

"On again down an utterly dark alley, falling over great stones and splashing through an invisible stream



BULGARIAN TROOPS (THE 4TH MOUNTAIN BATTERY) UNDER COMMAND OF MAJOR  
PRODANOFF. GUY SCULL, MOUNTED, IS AT THE EXTREME LEFT, AND NEXT  
TO HIM J. L. C. BOOTH, THE ENGLISH WAR CORRESPONDENT



which ran down the middle. At the end was a high wall over which sounded a threshing of branches. The short man rat-tatted a private signal on a high double-door. As we stood silent a gust carried a rush of dry leaves round the wall, and a roaring of wind and trees came out of the darkness behind it. A girl opened the door, barred it after us, and led through dark tree-masses up invisible steps and down a narrow passage to where a little oil lamp burned weakly in a low room. \* \* \*

“A sallow-faced man, with a short, black beard and moustache, came in with a handful of papers, glancing suspiciously at us; but the sight of our reverend friend reassured him, and sitting down the two talked in Bulgarian. The insurgent wore an ordinary black coat and soft black hat tilted back. Behind him had come his despatch-bearer, a young peasant, who sat on the divan in the dim background. Whilst the wind howled in the window-chinks the missionary unfolded our proposal to join one of the chetas, or bands, on the frontier.

“‘Ah! can they walk?’ asked the leader. ‘It is hard work, mind you; they may have to climb all day.’

“‘We thought we were equal to it.

“‘And it will mean carrying a rifle and ammunition—probably fighting.’

“‘We would do what we could in that direction, too. And now, for our part, what about getting our news and sketches sent back?’

"They would undertake to send a special messenger whenever practicable to bring them down to the nearest post-office.

"Question and answer ran on in the same guarded undertone. As we sat, all four heads together, it reminded me of nothing so much as a game of 'clumps,' in a drawing-room at home, only that our faces could not approach in expression the tense seriousness which goes to the unravelling of that knotty problem, 'animal, vegetable, or mineral?' The oily flame of the little lamp was right behind the insurgent's head, and his face—all in shadow—melted into the black of his beard and humped shoulders. The yellow light touched the gray locks of the old missionary and emphasized the wrinkles which always gave the suggestion of a smile to his face. Old Skip's fine profile was sharply outlined against the glare, as he tapped thoughtfully on the crown of his battered straw.

"It was arranged in the end that the young warrior sitting there in the corner should carry to the leader of a band in the mountains the offer of the two volunteers, and with all speed return with the answer. In two or at most three days we should know what were the prospects of seeing life with the avenging hillmen.

"Meanwhile we must possess our souls in as much patience as might be, and work up the leg-muscles. Finally, we were sworn to profound secrecy as to our visit and all things connected with it."

The two correspondents waited patiently for the



word to start, writing each day letters to their respective publications.

"Keeping up the Natal tradition," writes Booth, "we never shaved on mail day till the work was off. The two little bedroom tables were pulled out, garished with paper and great store of tobacco, and there followed many hours of solemn silence with an occasional voice demanding the name of a bridge, or the number of troops at Nastikoff. The flies buzzed in and out of the open windows, the shabby draggle-tailed geese took dust-baths in the baking street, and 'Skip's' indelible pencil straggled on and on. Whenever he was at a loss for a word it was his habit to scratch his head with the point of this pencil to stimulate his brain; indeed, it wandered indifferently up and down his person, till by the end of the day he was all over purple blotches. Then he would charge the post-office with his fat envelopes, full of fierce determination not to miss the mail, and the people would fade away from before him at the sight of that tattooed face as they would before an armed cannibal.

"With the work safely off, soap and water flew through the air, razors flashed and hair-brushes waved. Each man put on his other shirt, tied his tie or folded his stock with fearful precision, and sallied out to dine with the Mountain Gunners.

"There were about a dozen of them there, of all sorts and sizes, in the dark-blue day-jackets of their battery—Prince Boris's Own—with trim beards or

shaven chins, and sturdy, useful-looking men all. Very simple and undecorated their mess-room, with its bare floor and white walls.

“‘Here, do you see?’—the Major led us by the arms to a portrait of the boy prince, Bulgaria’s heir-apparent—‘here is our Colonel. We are his regiment—proud!’ He pointed to his little Colonel’s silver initial on his epaulette. ‘Now we will dine.’

“And dine we did! First liqueur—two or three glasses were *de rigueur*. Then we entered into a labyrinth of strange meats, soups, and wondrous foods which all happened where they were least expected and followed each other with breathless speed. In the merry-go-round I recognized split sausages, and distinctly remember some fat unknown vegetable which we took with our fingers from a dish in the middle of the table. I never met it before or since. The shower of dishes covered a determined attack on our sobriety by all troops present, and the men on each side, armed with flagons of vino and raki, poured in a steady stream of fire-water.

“Out of the stacks of crockery stood up some silver models of different sized shells, their own little seven-pounder among them. This was the only specimen of mess-plate, and it was easy to see that in ordinary times the whole tone of the mess was simplicity and a complete absence of luxury of any kind. They live as soldiers of a past age, and easy chairs and lounges are no part of their life.

“As the last of the panorama of plates disappeared

and tobacco smoke mingled over the table, the Major sent for his mandoline and charmed us with the music of his country. He laid his hand on it so that it talked and told us through those plaintive airs all that the men of old time had suffered under the Turkish yoke—the yearnings and cryings of a people in bondage. Slowly it told of the labour and the burden too heavy to bear, then in came a sad little song of weariness, and on this a growing protest rising to a wild burst of rage against the oppressor, and an outcry for help. Then it died down—impotent, hopeless—to take up the colourless, profitless work in the heat again. Plainer than any words were the little melodies, made long ago, not with cunning but out of the sorrow of the soul.

“The regimental songster now came on, and produced familiar friends from *Faust* and *Il Trovatore* from great strength and without accompaniment. Then Skip and I put up ‘A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night’—alack! that our ‘war-drum’ had had to be left behind in Sofia—and more classic song of the same ilk. A fine warlike ballad in Bulgarian, with a fiery chorus of all the gallant Gunners, cleared the way for the big plum of the evening, a fighting-drinking song, the first verse of which might be roughly put down as:

“ ‘After battle fierce and gory,  
‘All ablaze with fame and glory,  
‘Give us, while we tell the story,  
‘Vino, vino—  
‘Wine to cheer the heart.’

or words to that effect. The 'Vino, vino' chorus is easy, and so is the tune, and we all stood up and waved glasses in the vibrating air and roared at the full pitch of our lungs. Oh Lord! the row! Again and again the bellowing rose, with glass clinkings and vows of good fellowship.

"Whilst they all wrote their unspeakable names in my sketchbook I heard Skip translating 'Down the Road, Away Went Polly' into German—'das ist ein Pferd'—for the benefit of a polite but mystified officer whose acquaintance with 'Mr. Gus Elen' (as near as he could get Scull's name) was but then beginning. After we two had delivered 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow' for the special benefit of the Major, best of hosts, the whole train-band—jolly good fellows all—saw us back to the local Carlton and left us."

The next day the battery went off hurriedly on a march in the hills and on special invitation the two strangers went along with them. They marched up the mountains and found, according to Booth, much evidence of Turkish raids and barbarity, but no action on the part of the battery. In the valley town they waited a few more days for the word and at last it came. It was "no go."

This, once and for all, decided them that in accepting government hospitality they were only losing time and being "strung along," as "Skip" said, by the authorities. So they prepared, in "Skip's" slang, to "hop the reservation" and one morning they just casually disappeared. Once out of sight of the last

village outpost they took to the hills and struck out in the direction where from all they had heard they might expect the first trouble and see the first evidence of this barbarous border warfare. In doing all this they deliberately courted trouble. They were chased by the police. They were chased by the army. They were hidden and fed by the natives with whom Skip made instant conversation and established friendly relations despite the fact he could not speak a word of their language. They became lost, suffered from hunger and from exposure but kept pushing on hoping, by some chance, to meet up with or be captured by some "cheta" and either be held for ransom or put behind a rock and made to fight, which, after all, was what they had come for. They met several rebel leaders in disguise and parleyed with them but to all of no use. The last conference ran well into the night with much hope. But, alas Booth describes the end of it as follows:

"We all talked volubly in the sign-language, and my partner's imitation of shooting Turks was entirely convincing. I often think of those conversations and all we told each other, and then remember, marvelling, that not six words could have been spoken.

"It was plain that they had been trying to get through into Macedonia, but without success. The application of a little vino conjured up brighter hopes for the future, and the possibility of two of the Foreign Legion joining them in another dash for lib-



erty and what-d'you-call it. We parted firm friends and went to bed.

"At the horrid hour of midnight a light flashed in my face and dark figures filled the room. Someone apologized in French for the intrusion of the police. Out of a dark corner came 'Skip's' drowsy Boston voice: 'This is where little Willie goes to gaol.' I saw the pair of us transported to Sofia loaded with chains—legs tied under the ponies—to be tried for high treason or *lèse majesté*, or some such peccadillo. The imposing parade only wanted to see the passports of their casual visitors, and thumped out again with their lanterns.

"At breakfast their spokesman, a stout doctor, came to renew his apologies, and was himself decoyed into the conspiracy, so that before the morning was out he was in close confab with the ring-leader in the underground drinking den, egged on by the foreign fellas. But the bandsmen had thought better of it in the night, and little old Bulgaria was good enough for them.

"'Too late—too late for this year.' Besides, the Turks' peasant-shooting season had closed.

"'In the spring—yes, if the Englishmen come back in the spring we will take them with pleasure.'

"We climbed back into the air again—dead failures.

"'Huh! Bet your life! There'll be trouble in the Balkans in the spring.' quoted Skip ironically.



'Where's their grit? Don't amount to a hill o' beans.'

"The doctor was emphatic on the hopelessness of any further attempt, and there was nothing for it but the home trail.

"At half-past four the next morning we sat in the dark eating bread and cheese and swallowing tchai (thin tea and sliced lemon in a glass), waiting for the dawn. Not till six was there light enough to see the trail. The hot streams were steaming in the cold dusk as we cantered down the valley with a sporting peasant on a smart bay pony. Away over the Sunday trail, till up in the hills we halted to watch the sun rise through rolling pink clouds over the mountains of Macedonia.

"Neither yearned to ascend the toboggan shute—'nema, nema!' Cunningly we chose a way leading by gentle stages round the obstruction, forgetting the base treachery of mountain trails. The pestilent path tacked uphill and lured us further from our point at each leg of it. Then, having landed its victims in the thick of a young pine forest and four inches of snow, it vanished without a word. Towing the ponies, we made a bee-line through those crowded Christmas-trees to the crest. The bushes grew close together like turnips and shot avalanches of snow down the necks of our open shirts. Under the wet snow on the ground were invisible logs, and every ten yards one of us was flat on his face with a grunting pony on top of him.

“‘By—the ten—colours,’ growled Skip between his clenched teeth, pulling his old hat out of a drift and welting his jibbing animal from behind, ‘whoever made you—made a mistake!’

“Sodden from head to heel and sweating in the sun, we struck the cross-track on the summit and jogged along the top of the divide to pick up our down-trail at the woodcutter’s camp. Some eagles circled in the air over the carcass of a sheep, and waiting till one settled on a dead tree I stalked him with the Webley—and missed.

\* \* \* \* \*

“At half past five in the evening we steamed into Sofia station in the rain. Empty, sloppy streets; empty, smelly hotel. No news, and everything gone flat as a punctured air-balloon. The town was dead and all our ‘gang’ gone home.

“We packed our kits and followed them.”

While Scull was thus posing as a human target between the lives of the Turks and the Bulgarians all this time, the following is a sample of the cheery letters he was writing home to his mother:

*Sofia, Oct. 6, 1903.*

Booth and I arrived here yesterday and are now about to start for Kostendil to have a look at the

Bulgarian defenses there. This is a fine climate and I am in splendid shape. Love to all.

Or this:

*Sofia, Oct. 26, 1903.*

As we have learned now that this is Marjorie's wedding day Booth and I will proceed to drink her health. This affair in Bulgaria is about played out. Concerning money I have plenty and my health is excellent.

Marjorie was Guy's sister and she was married on this date to Bartlett H. Hayes, Scull's roommate at Harvard.

## CHAPTER IX

### MANCHURIA—1904-1905

SCULL apparently had a keen sense for these International embroglios. Like the silent men in Fleet Street, Wilhelmstrasse, Pennsylvania Avenue, and other foreign offices he had his ear to the ground constantly. The year before when in Europe he then had a hunch that there was going to be something doing in the Far East and instead of taking an Atlantic liner westward bound he caught a ship going east and got as far as Port Said before he learned that the Japs and the Russians had settled their differences. He then faced about and headed for New York again. It seems, however, that this was the time he guessed wrong! Japan declared war February 10, 1904, and it caught the wily Scull flat-footed in New York.

I remember meeting him about noon one cold February day in front of 120 Broadway. The Skipper had just had one of his skin tight hair cuts which was always a sure sign of trouble somewhere. He was minus an overcoat. His coat collar was turned up around his neck, his derby jammed down to his ears and his hands thrust deep in his trousers' pockets. The Skipper never did like overcoats.

"Ahoy," greeted Scull.

"Let's lunch. What d'y' say?" returned I.

"Can't. Got a hurry."

"Where you going?"

"Manchuria, vee-a Grand Sintrall Station," in the Skipper's best nasal drawl and New England dialect.

He turned with a "so long" and lost himself in the crowd pushing up Broadway towards City Hall Station.

Another fellow who met him shortly afterwards in the Yale Club uptown, says "Scull's manner was most casual, but his hair was clipped and his coat collar turned up and I naturally was expectant when I asked him where he was bound. 'Manchuria,' said the Skipper as indifferently as a suburbanite might say Yonkers or Tuckahoe.

"He had a passport, credentials, a ticket and a few little things like that to pick up and he would meet me at the Harvard Club about five that afternoon. He was there when I came around and so were most of his friends. There were a good many stirrup-cups and joshings; but no one seemed to know just when the 'Skip' left for the front. He hadn't mentioned this detail to Dave Goodrich or Leo Ware, whom I consulted, though they had a hack with his bags outside as an ordinary precaution. We also conferred concerning 'our special correspondent's' passport and ticket, which he had casually stuffed in his vest pocket and which had already been picked up from the floor or under chairs and tables a dozen times. The ticket

was originally wound up into a cylinder about the size of an alarm-clock, and, when not bouncing about the carpet, had a disquieting habit of flowing out of the Skipper's bosom and festooning its coils about his arms and legs. Sometimes it played with the passport and sometimes it parted with it for another corner of the room. This ticket called for transportation from New York to Yokohama, and it looked as if it might itself reach a good part of the way. Each time it was returned its owner always received it back with a composure that no one else could feel.

"A little after half-past-six, I broke into the Skipper's calm enjoyment of his friends and asked when his train left. 'Five minutes to seven tonight—Why,' he responded. I explained why after our hack got into a blockade, with five blocks to go and seven minutes to do it in and make the train. The Skipper leaned out and exhorted the hackman to make a sporting proposition of it. Most of the ticket went out of the window, too; but I managed to reel it in again as the driver took to the sidewalk, neatly grazing a hydrant hazard.

"The Montreal Express left that night pursued by a porter who had some difficulty in throwing two huge bags aboard the rear platform of the last car. The Skipper clung carelessly to the tail railing and waved me good-bye with the finished ease of a brakeman. As he waved, the tail lights showed that he was playing Laocoon to most of the ticket and before I turned away—and the last glimpse I had of him—



the Skipper was gravely engaged in earnest consultation with the brakeman, who had picked up the passport from the platform."

Such was the Skipper's departure for the Japanese-Russian War. In a package of letters kept by his mother the first received was written on a Canadian Pacific train bound westward, dated February 11, 1904, announcing that he would sail from Vancouver on the Empress of China for Japan, that he was well and had commissions to write for the Globe and Advertiser, Boston Transcript and for Harpers. These letters cover a period of a little over a year and are written at regular intervals of a week or ten days. In them there is little save messages of love and affection, a word as to his health and another as to the uncertainty of his movements in the future as he was dependent upon the pleasure of the Japanese Government which was not announcing its plans to the correspondents assembled. These letters are written upon all sorts of queer looking stationery, covered with Japanese stamps and hieroglyphics, some of them from Tokio, some from headquarters of the Second Army in the field, many mutilated by the censor and all of them travel-stained from the passage across two continents as they were addressed to his Mother either in Boston or Andover, Mass., or to different ports in Europe or in the Mediterranean where she was then traveling. One dated March 8th, announces that his ship will probably land in a Japanese port on the morrow.

Scull reached Tokio in early March and was quartered at the Imperial Hotel with a group of other correspondents including the best known writers in Europe and the United States at that time. These men hung around this hotel from then until July 18th waiting for permission and their passports to join the army at the front. None of them were in any better luck than Scull.

Most of them waited. A few "jumped the reservation" so to speak, and tried for Port Arthur on their own account. Scull did not file thousands of words to his editors about this tedious wait. He did not fuss and complain or attempt to rag the Imperial Japanese authorities. Scull had been up against Government restrictions before. He and a few close companions had a good time seeing Japan and when the Army was ready to let the correspondents go forward Scull trailed with the rest.

How these correspondents spent their time during this tedious wait is best told by some of themselves in the pages that follow. The Skipper writes that on July 18th they were off at last on the S.S. Empress of China, the same one that brought him across from Vancouver, and that they were going to Nagasaki, leave the ship there and proceed by train to Mogi and so on by horseback with the replacement troops and transports to the front up north somewhere.

The list of the correspondents gathered there at the Imperial Hotel included: W. H. Brill of Scripps McCrea, John F. Bass and Richard Little of Chi-

cago, Franklin Clarkin of the New York Evening Post, Richard Harding Davis, Richard Barry, Robert Collins of the Associated Press, London; Robert Dunn of New York and Boston; George Kennan, the Russian traveler; Richmond Smith and Percival Smith; Lionel James of the London Times; Samuel B. Trisell; O. K. Davis of the New York Sun; George Lynch of London; John Fox Jr., Grant Wallis; Martin Egan then of the Associated Press, and others.

One of them gives a touch of the life at Tokio.

"I met Scull on the dock at Tokio," he says, "and I hadn't seen him before since we met down the Bay in New York harbor, several years before, meeting the U. S. Minister to Venezuela where there was at that time some little eruption. Scull was in Tokio waiting like the rest of us. He eventually did go with Oku's Army while I was fated to be stationed permanently at Tokio until after the signing of peace nearly two years later. I had to cover the Army and Navy Departments and the Foreign Office and the Legations and really had little time to foregather with anybody. But Guy, the late Richard Harding Davis, the late John Fox, Jr., Franklin Clarkin, George Lynch of London, Lionel James of the London Times, Bill Brill and one or two others used to get together for meals whenever we could. There were a great many amusing and amazing stories that developed, but I don't recall any of them in which Guy figures particularly.

"One of the funniest of these stories has never been reported, and, of course, it could not be tied to Guy Scull because I am pretty sure he was not present. It was the custom of a large number of correspondents to gather at the bar of the Imperial Hotel every evening about five-thirty for a drink and a little talk about the day's developments. On one particular day there arrived an East Indian who had with him a large pet snake. He was a drinking man and he and the snake entrenched themselves early in the afternoon at a table very close to the counter. I arrived about five, before any of the crowd had come and at that time the snake had wrapped himself around the man's arm a couple of times, with part of its body resting on his lap and with its long outstretched head investigating the drinks on the table. Realizing the possibilities of the setting, I got me one of those high billiard table chairs that you will recall, and for about half an hour watched the effect of the Indian and snake on the arriving correspondents. Pretty soon the Indian went to sleep and the snake, uncoiling himself, went wandering around the bar. The bar did no business for the rest of the evening."

A correspondent who was Scull's bunkie for a good part of the time that Winter in Manchuria found the diary he kept at that time packed away in his dunage in a storage warehouse and from this he was able to write an intimate account of the Skipper and his adventures in that campaign. Scull caught up

with him at Vancouver where he was waiting for the Empress of China to take him to Japan. Incidentally he was also waiting for Bobby Dunn when the Skipper drifted in.

"Dunn was to join me at Vancouver if possible," says Clarkin. "He had bade me good-bye at Grand Central Station somewhat gloomily as his editor had yet made no decision regarding sending him to the war in the Far East, then breaking. Before the 'Empress' pulled out Dunn arrived—'Dunn and his dunnage' Scull told me—and then I learned that they had been playmates and college mates. So the prospects of the passage looked happy—three of us who had been on venturous commissions previously now starting together elatedly toward the hazards of a distant horizon.

"Out of six voyages across the Pacific it has indeed turned out that none has yielded me so many pleasant memories. Ship's company included some British military attaches, an Austrian naval attache, the American Embassy Secretary returning to Tokio, and only one woman—a rather forbidding missionary. As the British follow form even more rigorously in out of the way places than in London—to protect their morale, they say—the rule was dress for dinner notwithstanding the almost wholly 'stag' passenger list. Scull, true to the independence of spirit which I afterward observed more and more and admired in him, declined, with comment, to go through this nightly ceremony. After dinner he would, how-



ever, enter into the other invariable nightly ritual; a benedictine with Ferguson of the Embassy, a cigar, then a game of fan tan by all the smoking room habitues till time to turn in.

"It was when he won easily at fan-tan that I first heard him chuckle that characteristic phrase: 'Why, this is like picking strawberries with Genevieve.'

"But I later learned in the hardships of the field that it was not merely when things cheered him that he thus broke into speech—when things looked pretty discomfoting and perilous it would brace the rest of us to hear suddenly from the least garrulous—'Why, fellers, this is like picking strawberries with Genevieve!' However strangely morose he had at first appeared, this repeated exclamation somehow flashed to me the fact that the Skipper, as Dunn called him, inwardly was of buoyant spirit.

"I find in my diary, at a time when we were in camp awaiting the coming of the battle of Shi-li-ho, this entry:

"'Oct. 5, '04—"Skip" spends heavy hours cogitating. This agrees with my temperament—the bores are always over-talkative. We sit on our kangs (Chinese beds) half the day reading and writing, speak only an infrequent word, and yet feel I am in cheerful yet sedative companionship. Although gloomy of manner, his monosyllabic utterances are always given with a pleasant chuckle and shake of the shoulders—as if suppressing inward jollity. Acts like a triturated extract of Gloucester ship-



captain, Arizona cowboy and modern incarnation of Dionysius, his face ancient Greek from close-cropped hair to straight nose and well-rounded chin. Days when the sun is strong we go out in the compound in a corner sheltered from the wind—in the noon hour—and bathe. When he stands in the sun against the mud wall of the compound pouring a bucket of water held high above his head he might be a fragment from a temple frieze.

“He writes, when he wants to, most delicate prose. He’s more fluent with pen than with tongue. Mornings on the Pacific voyage he would read—Lynch’s “Door of the Civilizations,” Brownell’s “Heart of Japan,” Capt. Mahan’s “Lessons of the War with Spain” (Scull had enlisted with the Rough Riders at Tampa in that war and I had gone as Evening Post correspondent with the navy to the Battle of Santiago), and Beveridge’s “Russian Advance,” and an hour before tiffin some of us would play shuffleboard for exercise, which Scull would not join, preferring inactivity. Afternoons he would usually bring up his banjo and chant Kipling’s

“Gentlemen rankers, out for a spree,

“Doomed from here to eternity’

“Or else

“Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket and say a  
poor duffer lies low:

“Get six jolly seamen to carry me with steps that  
are mournful and slow

"Then get six breezy foretopmen and let them a rollicking go.

"Let them drink down a six gallon measure to the health of the Duffer below.'

"And especially:

" 'And somehow you're sick of the highway, with its noise and its easy needs,

"And you seek the risk of the byway, and you reckon not where it leads.' "

"It led us, on arrival in Japan, to a sort of incarceration in the Hotel Imperial at Tokio for six months. For the Japanese were rather distrustful of having men of white race with their armies in the field, and it was not ethical for correspondents to cross from Japanese territory into the territory and army of the Russians. The long wait for passes to the front, and the miasmatic airs from the smelly canal which flows by its walls, irritated the nerves of most of us and caused social distempers not wholesome for our opinion of the Japanese; but I do not recall that Scull ever lost patience or gave way to complaint. He and Dunn and I took our meals at the same table in a corner of the dining-room, and Scull there as in other places acted as a grateful tranquilizer to our more ebullient fractiousness at War Office delays in giving us the right to go to where the war was. The only time he protested against the round of Geisha dances, cherry festivals, Emperor's garden parties, etc., with which the War Office sought

to soothe the general rancor, was at the China Pony Races at Yokohama. The club grounds were gay with the newest European costumes of the Diplomatic colony and the 'champagne-openings' by the owner of the winner of each race. Coming away from toasts to the last successful owner, Scull took me broodily by the arm:

"'Old man, what are we doing here? We don't belong. Our business is at the Front.'

"He thought the only way to get there was to sit tight and play the game. Dunn and I sought to 'hustle the East' and rushed off impetuously to Korea. At Seoul we met Jack London, who assured us it was impossible to reach the Yalu battle front, as he had just been turned back, after a run-in with Japanese officers for having defended a Russian prisoner of war from the cruelties of his Japanese guard. London made an impassioned speech about it and other Japanese actions in Korea, and we who were dining with him—Willard Straight, (A.P.), Dunn and myself—having witnessed the upsetting of the native ancient dynasty, applauded the speaker and half-gaily and half-seriously declared we would stand with him in behalf of 'Pyngyang for the Pyngyang-gans.'

"Presently we were back again with Scull at the same old hotel table—finding him gone a little more bored with the monotony of Tokio. But he brightened at our fresh stories of doings in Chinnampo. Seoul and Pyngyang—the comic opera phases of the

popular and court life, the council's reduction of the harem of the Emperor from 80 to 20 wives, and so on, rising to serious narrative as we came to relate the tragic episodes of the Japanese gradual seizure of the country and of the Imperial family.

"In the billiard room Scull got us to repeat. Soon the correspondents grew so interested in the light and dark aspects of the Korean case that Davis gave a dinner to the Americans of the group and others visiting Tokio, and as favors bestowed on each a decoration. It was in the regulation form of a military decoration, the riband Korean colors, and the medal bearing the Korean symbol on one side and the words 'Pyngyang for the Pyngyangans' on the other. Thus, Scull and all who were the guests of Davis that night and received his decoration became Pyngyangans by that token.

"The time for going to the Front was approaching however, and Scull bought a wild-eyed, volcanic, rangy black Japanese stallion and I the China pony Pit-a-Pat which had won the cup smartly at the races that day. We quartered them in the hotel stables, and after Scull found a Wild West saddle and I an English saddle, we were ready—for we did not accoutre ourselves with so much impedimenta, useful or decorative, as the others. By July we were on our way.

"Dunn, we parted with with immense regret. He had, one day, taken Scull's stallion—named Fuji, after the volcano—out to exercise. Galloping home

Fuji slipped on turning in at the hotel gate and Dunn was thereby laid up in the hospital with a broken ankle."

Another man, describing the accident to Dunn, brings out Scull's presence of mind and masterful way of doing things. He says:

"Guy was the first to reach Dunn and the struggling pony and the first to give aid to the sufferer. It was obvious to all of us the break was such that unless properly handled Dunn's foot would be stiff for life. Dunn refused the aid of the local Japanese doctor. The English surgeon was sent for. This meant a long delay. Guy, who knew something of bone-setting, had pulled Dunn's ankle into articulation, and, with the delicate touch of a woman combined with the controlled strength of a man, he held the broken bones edge to edge for fully three quarters of an hour.

"When the surgeon arrived he was astonished at what Guy had done and announced that this precaution certainly saved Dunn from going through life stiff-footed. More besides, for with such a break complications might readily ensue, making necessary an amputation. Guy's attention probably saved the foot."

Continuing from his diary the shipmate writes:

"We would miss this witty, bubbling, good comrade; but the pity of it was twofold—he might never again be fit for his favorite sport of mountain climbing, trudging over limitless Alaskan tundra, nor re-



peat our ascent of Mont Pele to gaze into that thunderous crater between eruptions; and now after coming far and waiting long he was incapacitated for 'the Front.'

"Crossing the Yellow Sea by transport we were landed at Dalny, and Skipper and I watched anxiously the lifting of the horses from below decks. Fuji had less of a glare in his eye and Pit-a-Pat had lost some of his racing pep—but the whole cavalcade was soon well started north through Manchuria hastening to catch up with the Jap Fourth Army. It was some cavalcade: eighteen correspondents from all over the world, each with a horseboy and interpreter, an occasional cook and thirty-four animals to carry them and their baggage.

"'No wonder,' said Scull grimly, 'no wonder the Japanese Army kept us in Tokio six months. This outfit is almost as big as the Jap commissariat.'

"But on the first day we passed Nantai. There was strewn the wreckage of recent fighting. This, along with the feel of a horse under him, and the pulsing of live blood after thirty miles of vigorous riding, stirred him to further loquacity as we dismounted to camp. That is, he ejaculated delightedly, arranging his saddle as a pillow on the kang of a mud hut where he was to sleep:

"'Say! this here is just like picking strawberries with Genevieve!'

"'Maybe,' I admitted, 'but I'm numb—don't make me exert my imagination.'





MANCHURIA, 1904



"Day after day we pursued the army which was itself pursuing the retreating Russians. The sun beat upon us from the east, the zenith, and the west, like the flame from a blowpipe. The eyes of the ponies grew inflamed and suppurated from the scorching. Then the rainy season broke, and the mud was half to the ponies' knees, and rivers we had to cross were so swollen that we had to swim them mounted. One such day, when my short-legged Pit-a-Pat could not progress as fast as Scull's long-legged Fuji, I suggested that Pit-a-Pat was no mud hen and that he'd better ride with Brill (of the A. P.) who also had 'paddyfield wallower.' Arriving watersoaked and famished at ten that night at the temple where we had been billeted, Scull met me with a tincup of Scotch. By the shake of his shoulders, I could tell he was having one of his inward laughs.

" 'Already; shoot: *This is like* ——'

" 'No,' said he. 'I was riding with Brill, and he said something you'll enjoy. That London Telegraph man Lynch, defending English newspapers, had remarked that "London publishes no newspapers on Sunday." Brill asked him: 'Why specify Sunday?' "

"At last catching up with the rear of the Fourth Division we were held in camp in a compound at Haicheng to await the development of an attack on the outlying forts of Liaoyang. Evenings, all the correspondents lingered at the mess-table and yarned. Davis (Richard Harding, then writing for Collier's)

asked: 'Guy, why didn't you bring the banjo along?' 'Too many tin cans tied to this bunch as it was,' Scull answered,—for some had brought elaborate regalia; pistols, silk underwear, kitchen hardware, cameras, rubber bathtubs, medals, uniforms, field-glasses, sabretaches, etc.

"Davis laughed and told Scull this story on himself.

"'At college I put "Danny Dever" to music and I wanted to hear what your version of it was. That music was published. Later I alleged that Walter Damrosch had lifted it. At the Authors' or Aldine club one night I was asked to prove it by playing my version. Now I don't play the piano. I had picked out and composed a tune for "Danny Dever" on a Steinway, and learned which keys to strike by their position under the lettering. When I sat down to this piano I couldn't even start to prove my case—the piano was a Chickering!'

"From my diary:

"'Haicheng, Manchuria, Aug. 20-04. Gen. Oku sent us eight bottles of champagne captured from the Russians. Scull and I were given one bottle as our share. As he was on the waterwagon I had to wait. Prior (London Illustrated News) fell sick, and Scull suggested that Prior could have his share and I could open the bottle—the others had already consumed theirs. Prior was afraid to take champagne that day, so the bottle had lain under my bunk for over a week. "Why don't you open it yourself? It'll be stolen if

you don't. I'm going to stick on this waterwagon."

"'Fox (Scribner's), Davis, Lynch and Scull played bridge in our quarters last night. When I came in from a visit to the British Scull briefly intimated that they had asked him to treat. He refused because "half of it was Clarkin's." They suggested that Scull authorize them to take his share. "I told them I had offered it to Prior and to you. Now don't hold it for me any longer."

"'When half asleep I heard a step in the room, and turned, to see somebody silently sneaking out. Smothered laughter and whispers greeted whoever it was, in the next room and somebody said: "Get a pail of cold water," and other voices: "Hasn't anyone a corkscrew?" \* \* \* "You don't need a corkscrew you dub—I know how to work it out." But Lynch broke the cork off in his efforts, and the decision was to let the bottle stay in the cool water till just before tiffin today. "Skipper," I observed in the morning, "our champagne was looted last night, but I'll recapture it."

"Capt. James (London Times) scouted for us in the suspected quarters, and reported the location of the loot. Then we filled an empty bottle with pure water, arranged the cork and tinfoil, and the captain slipped this into the pail, and over the backyard wall handed the real champagne to Whiting (London Graphic) and myself.

"'At 11 Davis and Fox came down from a hill where they had been writing in the shade, called

Lynch, Brill and Lewis. Scull and the rest went out where they could see the convivial ceremony through the open window. Davis cut the cork out with a knife, and filled Fox's camp cup, then his own, waved the cups out the window and shouted—"Scull, here's 'how' to you and Clarkin!"

" 'A moment after Davis exclaimed: "Why, it's water!"

" 'Scull was doubled up with the violence of his internal merriment. James couldn't control himself and called: 'It's a great success.' And, at the signal the rest of us made way with the last actual bottle of champagne this side of the Russian battle line—except Scull, who clung fast to his wagon.

" 'At tiffin our end of the table was merry and the other glowering. "Let's pretend," said Davis, "that Scull and Clarkin are absent and their places empty." "Empty places at this end," was the retort, "but empty persons at the other!"

" 'Well,' explained Davis, 'Scull as much as said he didn't care who had his share, and we figured that his share was at the bottom of the bottle, and that to get it we must first drink off Clarkin's share from the top.' "

"By the middle of September our cavalcade had been permitted to reach a view of the action proceeding for the capture of the heights before Liaoyang. It was a distant view, and needed strong glasses. If that was as near as we were to get to the battle line our reports would lack color. All day Scull and I



sat on a hill that overlooked the theatre of battle and did the best we could. After a few days twelve of the correspondents, including Davis and Fox, disgustedly started for home.

"Not one hour after they had disappeared down the trail, an officer from headquarters arrived. 'Now that there are not so many of you,' he said, 'Gen. Oku sends me to say that you may go as far into the lines as you wish, anywhere you want to, but advises for your own protection that you take a Japanese officer with you in order to explain your presence to the soldiers.'

"Scull remarked in elation: 'Well, it pays to stick to your course.' From then on there was no limit to our enterprise except the rule that a dead correspondent is not so useful to his home office as a live one.

"Not knowing of the sudden change of policy on the part of headquarters, once the corps of correspondents had been reduced to wieldy dimensions, the homegoing twelve spread the report that they were returning because the Japs would not let them get to the Front. Nevertheless those who stayed went under fire in the battles of the Heights of Liaoyang, Shiliho, Sha ho and Mukden, quite as we listed—Scull, Whiting (London Graphic), Pratt (Sydney Bulletin), Brill (A. P.), Laguerrie (Paris Petit Journal), Barzini (Courrier della Milano), and I (N. Y. Evening Post).

"Between actions there would be many days of waiting. These were severe for Scull. He moped on

his cot in a dark blue atmosphere; but I understood by this time that he was grimly enduring a physical depression. He had promised himself and others that he would take no alcohol on duty, but he carried this self-deprivation to such precision that he would not touch it even when wet and exhausted from long exposure. His body weakened in resistance, and the unclean water gave him dysentery. But he maintained his attitude even in his growing sickness, stoically. When call came to mount and go out to the battle-line, he would revive—for the sense of danger lightened his plagued spirits.

“In his correspondence to the *New York Globe* Scull kept closely to the military aspects of developments, and repressed the element of personal adventure and difficulty. But I have vivid memories of our watching all one night from a shell hole in a millet field the Indian-like creeping of the Japanese up the heights of Liaoyang; of the storming of the city; of our joining the charge to the gate and entering the city with the second line of infantry, encountering the slaughter going on in the streets while the advance chased the Russians to Sha ho; visits together to front line covered trenches where the Japs and Russians regularly left off hostilities for tiffin and dinner; his impatience at the delay of beginning the battle of Mukden, and hiking off with Whiting for a week to see if Kuroki's Third Army across the mountains offered excitement: all those rousing ‘risks of the by-way’ which he liked being in the midst of. I

gather from my diary that he missed the first of the Shi-h-li river battle:

“ ‘Shiliha, Oct. 11—First day we have been in the middle of a battle and seen it as we wished to, going where we would if accompanied by Lt. Okabe. Scull unfortunately sick with dysentery at Liaoyang base hospital; he tried to come but was so weak the doctor put him back to bed. Better he did not come as the three of us had nothing to stay us all day but a small tin of sardines.’ ”

“In November when I was called home he had another attack. On the way to Pentai and Dalny I stopped at hospital for a farewell to him, and to take any mail he had ready. He couldn't rise, and was rather wistful, but determined to wait for the taking of Mukden, the climax of the campaign. Pratt and Brill and Whiting were still left to keep a care over him—and Pratt and Okabe went along with me to the station. There I made believe repack some luggage till the train came, so they would not see how moved I felt at pulling out.”

Nothing in Scull's letters approaches this description of his adventures or his activities during this campaign. It tells how ill he was and how determined he was in his refusal to take liquor while on his swear-off. The Skipper, in his letters home, makes only a passing allusion to his serious illness. He tells in a line that he has a comfortable warm house for the winter camp and that he has plenty of furs and warm clothing.

One of the things Scull carefully preserved in his papers is a translation in his own hand of the writing of some ancient Chinese philosopher, the same having been done that winter with the help of J. Okabe, the Japanese interpreter with the Second Army and the man whom Clarkin mentions as their friend. This translation is a melancholy sort of a thing and is interesting because it shows something of the way Scull occupied his time in that dreary camp, and the mood of Scull which at times ran in this vein.

“Translation of an article written by the Chinese philosopher Lee-ta-pai, who lived during the To dynasty (about 1200 years ago?) when literature and philosophy were most flourishing in China:

“In the prefecture of Ku-ho (?) of Josh-yu (?) there is a village named Chu-Chin more than a hundred li distant from the capital. Green of mulberry and flax all around the village—and we can hear the far-off noises of shuttles of weavers, cattle and donkeys jumping about joyfully, and girls come to the well for water, men go to the mountains to cut wood. There is little official duties because the village is so far from the capital and deep in the mountains. The customs are simple and good. Though there is money, there is no commerce. There are many young men but they do not go to war. Every family sticks to its own village like a profession, hardly ever going out of the gates though their heads become white. Born as a villager of Chu-Chin; where dead turns to the dust of the village. Old and young

meeting together enjoy themselves in the fields and pass the happy days.

"In the village there are only two families, Chu and Chin. Ages after ages intermarriages take place among them. Relatives near and distant, people young and old have their own groups, and having chickens and home-made wine they meet together once in every week and enjoy themselves. Living not far separated, marriages are always concluded among neighbors. The dead are not buried far away. The churchyard is always near this village. Thus they enjoy life and are not troubled by death. Body and spirit are at rest. The villagers therefore have long lives. It is generally they that have great grandchildren.

"But alas for me. Born in a town where morality is much talked about, being an orphan and poor, and understanding what is right and what wrong by study have made me a man of sorrow. Social etiquette compelled me to conform to the teachings of the sages and the standard of a gentleman burdened me with many ceremonies. This made me like a prisoner and I became a greatly mistaken man. At ten years of age I understood to read. At fifteen I wrote well. At twenty I became a shusai; at thirty a kanshin. Thus I must answer to the masters grace above and support my family below. Cares of the family and responsibility for the state rest upon this unworthy man. Ah! when I look back. It is fifteen years since I left my home to travel, during which thrice I went



to So by lonely boat and four times passed Chin on a tired horse. Traveling by day I suffered from hunger, sleeping at night scarcely had I rest. Wandering east and west, going and coming like a floating cloud, hardly settled anywhere. By civil war and troubles I have lost my native town. My relatives are mostly scattered. Some went to the south of Ho, whilst others went to the north of Ho. These are separated always, and if some of them are dead the report comes to me after years. Filled with sorrow and troubles from morning until evening, I sit crying until the dawn. Fire of sorrow burns my ears; frost of sadness embaths my hair. Is this life? Yes, it is my life. Oh! I cannot help but envy the villagers of Chu-Chin."

A shusai means one who has passed a certain official examination.

A kanshin is a kind of counselor to the Emperor.  
So and Chin are countries (or districts) of China.

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From Winter quarters Scull came down through the Lioayang Peninsula to Port Arthur and although planning to go on east by way of Manila he changed his mind at the last minute and started back home, writing his Mother about April 13, 1905, that he was coming by way of Yokohama.



## CHAPTER X

### RUSSIA—1906

LITTLE is known of Scull's personal adventures in Russia. He mixed with all classes, he made friends with all factions. He talked with Revolutionary leaders, eluding the Secret Service to do it, and some of his experiences had enough heart throbs to make the most thrilling of narratives. This we know from yarns he spun when he was in the mood. But he left no account of them or any letters concerning them, perhaps for the very good reason that in Russia, then as now, it was wise to leave no evidence of anything one did except that demanded by the police.

Manuscripts sent home to his mother and preserved by her, dwell on the religious and political life of the people and from these carefully written sheets we get the serious side of Scull and his intense interest in such subjects as they applied to a people already on the verge of that great struggle which, not many years later, was to topple an ancient empire into one of the bloodiest revolutions in history. These letters written for publication but never printed, show an entirely different Scull from any we have seen so far. Here he is a scholar setting down, brief as they are valuable, contributions to history.

Scull arrived in St. Petersburg on April 15, 1906. It does not appear how he went or why. From his first letter to his mother it is evident that he expected to witness some sort of an outbreak, but in this he was disappointed. Once more he was ahead of the times. So he writes of the people in a letter of April 15th:

"Their religious belief is something far above these matters of the present day concerning the internal conditions of the country. The election of the people's representatives, the many victories of the Constitutional Democrats, the agrarian question, the foreign loan, the resignation of Count Witte, the approaching Duma and all that is hoped and feared from the commencement of the new era in Russia, these questions of the nation, whatever magnitude they may have previously assumed, have been relegated to a position of second place importance during the religious rites of the past ten days.

"Holy week in St. Petersburg is rigorously observed. None of the theatres are open, music is not allowed in the restaurants, and the general business in the city is carried on as if under a semi-suppression. This state of affairs continues until the Saturday before Easter, when the flower stores, butcher shops, and the candy and pastry stores commence to do a thriving trade. All throughout that Saturday afternoon you will see various kinds of plants being carried through the streets as presents from one friend to another, and also people carrying trays of

food to have it blest at the different churches in order that they may be prepared to break their fast when the bells of the cathedrals ring at midnight. \* \* \*

"But it is the midnight service, the finale of all the ceremonies, which better than anything else gives a true impression of the strength of this religion. \* \* \*

"At the time when the ceremonies actually began at a little before the midnight hour the interior of the cathedral was crowded with people, literally shoulder to shoulder, so that there was scarcely room enough for them to lift their hands to cross their brows and breasts. And many classes of people were to be found there; officers of both the army and the navy, with the stars on their shoulder-straps glistening in the flickering light, women of gentle birth in high-necked evening gowns, and generally carrying bouquets of flowers, peasants with full beards and faces full of wrinkles, children of the lower classes in their Sunday clothes. Some of the women were seated. A number of ladies of eminent rank had been given chairs on one side of the centre aisle, whilst on the other and a little further down the church three old peasant women had found a resting-place on the steps which led up to the pulpit. But the rest of the vast throng were standing—standing and waiting in silence.

"When finally the procession moved down the church after the opening hymns had been sung, there was a movement in the crowd toward the centre aisle and all the eyes followed the procession. In the faces of the people there was written deep sincerity of feel-

ing, and childlike wonder and interest, and faith without doubt or question. The bishops' robes of silver and gold, the insignias carried on high, the incense slowly swinging, all these combined with the faintly lighted church full of varying, shifting shadows, and great columns of stone from which wide arches sprung across above in the gloom, and enormous, beautiful paintings dimly seen—all these by reason of race and creed appealed strongly to the imagination of the throng. And then, too, the mission with which this procession had set forth upon its journey. They were searching for the body of Christ which had disappeared. The eyes of all the people continued to follow the procession until it passed from their view through the doors of the church and out into the night beyond, and again on the square was another great crowd of people who could not find entrance within.

“For a time they remained as they were, always standing, always gazing in the one direction, always waiting for the return of the searchers. Nearly half an hour thus elapsed before there was a sign that the procession was once more approaching. At the further end of the church there occurred one of those movements in the throng which takes place in any crowd when it is swayed by a common interest of great importance. Then the procession itself was seen approaching. The quest of the bishops had been unsuccessful yet their progress up the aisle was followed eagerly by the people as before. On reaching

the place from which it started at the head of the church, the announcement was made that Christ had risen from the dead. It was then that all the lights blazed up on every side dispelling the gloom and the shadows, and everyone lighted wax tapers and held them high in their hands, and the bells of the city began to ring through the still cold air. It is little wonder that the love of the dramatic with which these people are imbued at birth was stirred to the utmost by this scene and presentation. It seemed as if the throng of people believed with the faith of children, which, excepting the faith of the fanatic, is the strongest faith in the world.

"From striving for an improvement in the condition of national affairs the people turn to the worship of their faith as they have worshipped for untold ages. Yet although this stands apart from the present crisis of the day, the power of this faith is a living factor in the land, and in any estimate formed of the existing state of affairs it should be given its due consideration."

Again Scull writes on May 1st: "The Russians in St. Petersburg are far from being barbarians. They might be described as substantial in body as well as mind. They are fond of gaiety and they are fond of music. The government subsidizes both the ballet and the opera. But at times their gaiety appears to be a trifle forced and in their music will be found a strong tendency toward the sadness of the minor key."



What Scull refers to as "the remarkable frequency with which custom demands the passing of a coin to the expectant hand," comes in for his comment. "It is decidedly unusual," writes he. "As an example of this, follow the regular method of procedure encumbent upon the guest at one of the larger restaurants of the city. Having finished his dinner he tips the waiter as a matter of course. There is nothing out of the way in this. But in the antechamber one liveried attendant brings him his overcoat from one peg and another brings him his hat from another peg. Both of these expect a 'little something.' Then at the main entrance stand two or three other attendants in a different kind and more gorgeous livery. The chief of these opens the door with one hand and holds out the other without pretense of any sort. His assistant accompanies the guest across the sidewalk to the carriage with much bowing and lifting of the hat in order to give him a hand in taking his seat, which on account of the low and open build of the vehicle is a feat about as easily accomplished as that of sitting down in a chair. This last one of the faithful retainers likewise receives a coin. And the chances are about even that in addition to these there is a beggar or two laying in wait in the light from the windows (where everyone can plainly see them make their plea) in order that being thus placed in a conspicuous position the guest may be ashamed to refuse. This is by no means an exaggerated example of the prevailing system, nor does the system apply especially to foreigners as at



first might be readily supposed; it is merely a recognized custom among the people."

In telling of the men who had been elected to the Duma then about to open, Scull, in a few lines devoted to each member, gives his history in a manner that makes each man stand out a sharp and distinct separate character. There is not space in this book to print them. Some sixteen years have elapsed since then. Many of these men are now dead, some executed by the government or by the revolutionists and some no doubt now in power in the Soviet government. All of them were then in St. Petersburg, probably many of them guests of the same hotel where Scull lived, waiting for this first constituted representative body of Russians to assemble.

Following his description of the scholars and scientists, Scull portrays the representatives of the peasant classes. He says "Of the five hundred and fifteen members of the Duma about two hundred are peasants. It is safe to say that seventy per cent. of these have been educated only at elementary schools which in Russia means that they have learned to read and write imperfectly and nothing more. There are some who cannot read at all. On the other hand, one peasant member is said to speak three languages and another who received his early training in a foundling hospital has now gained the reputation of being one of the best educated men in the Duma.

"Very little indeed can be found concerning the history of these peasant members, but the stories of

two of them, both representatives from Archangel, are unusual. Archangel is the province in the extreme northern country where in winter there is no sunshine and in summer there is no night. Like Siberia, political offenders against the government were exiled to this distant province. One representative, Mr. G'Aletsky, was arrested in 1894 on account of his revolutionary leanings and was banished to Archangel where he began to practice as a lawyer and subsequently obtained great renown. The other, a peasant named Isuloff was also banished to that place on a political charge. This man had never taken part in politics. He was in no way guilty of the offense of which he was accused. But once in Archangel he made the acquaintance of real revolutionary exiles whose influence turned him into a radical of the most advanced order. And now both of these former exiles have been elected by the people of Archangel to represent them in the parliament at St. Petersburg."

Scull closes this list with the story of Feodor Roditcheff, a noble, fifty years of age, now a leader of the masses, who after loyal service to the government, was dismissed from his post and later reprimanded by the Czar for demanding a Russian constitution, the Emperor in his personal reprimand characterizing Roditcheff's demands as "meaningless fantasy."

"Meaningless fantasy!" concludes Scull, "that happened only a little over six years ago, and next week is the meeting of the Duma."

Of these men Scull writes:

"The many instances in the past in which the different representatives have suffered punishment at the hands of the government is truly remarkable. Some of them have been sent to prison, others banished into exile, others again have been dismissed from their posts of office, and one or two even have been publicly flogged for creating political disturbances. The natural prophecy to be deduced from this fact is obvious, but any prophecy made in regard to the outcome of the Duma is likely to prove false on the very account of the unusual assortment of characters to be found among its different members.

"It is only within the last two or three days that the elections in all the districts which will be represented at the opening session have been concluded. Consequently, for the first time now it is possible to gain a clear conception of the strangely mixed company which will compose the national parliament of this country. And indeed, it is a heterogeneous collection of classes, religions and races. There are princes and peasants, a major-general of the army and a shop-keeper's assistant, doctors, lawyers, factory directors and professors, well known authorities on history, political economy and criminal law and laborers who can neither read nor write.

"In the matter of religion the majority of the members of course belong to the Greek Orthodox Church. But there are representatives of the various dissenting sects of that body such as those who are known as the Old Believers. And also there are

Lutherans, Mohammedans, Roman Catholics and Jews. Among the different races are Russians, Poles, Ukranians, Germans, Hebrews, Lithuanians, Letts, Ests, Tartars and Siberians. But this is not all. In spite of the fact that it will convene as it stands today, the Duma is not entirely complete. Some of the districts of Siberia, Central Asia and the Caucasus will not hold their elections until some as yet undetermined date in the future. When the result from these districts are announced the make-up of the Duma will be varied still further by the representatives of the countless races of the Caucasus, which are said to speak three hundred different languages, and it is not unlikely that a delegate of the Buddhist persuasion will be found among the other religions."

Of the ceremony of the formal opening of the Duma on May 10, 1906, Scull writes as follows:

"On this day, Thursday, the Czar of Russia opened the first session of the Duma. It was the first time that the members of the Duma had met together as a body; never before a ceremony of this kind had been held in the city of St. Petersburg. It was also the first time that the Czar had appeared in public since the commencement of the recent troubles. In regard to the reception he received it may be said in conventional language that he was welcomed by the loyal inhabitants of the capital.

"The newspapers and the people here are calling this day the birth of a new era in Russia, but whether

or not a veritable new era is beginning remains with the future to decide. The revolutionary movement has commenced the work, it is true—a long step forward has been taken—yet a vast deal more must still be accomplished before the end for which the people are striving is finally reached.

“And events of considerable significance have followed each other in rapid succession within the past ten days. There was the attempted destruction of Dubarsov, the Governor of Moscow, after church last Sunday morning, and the subsequent murder of the Governor of Katrinaslave when six men shot him down with revolvers. There was the publication of the Fundamental Laws over which the Duma has no control and which take away practically all the power which that body had hoped to wield. There was the incident two nights ago at the meeting of the Free Economic Society (the oldest political society in Russia), when the police turned the meeting out of doors on the plea that the license was not in order, and when Roditcheff, the champion of the people and an able man, denounced the action to his audience of Cadets as a sample of the treatment which under the present conditions of affairs the Duma must expect from the government. The summing up of these events and others of the kind would seem to indicate that after all no great change has been effected by the substitution of the new order for the old. A large percentage of the people believe that the Duma will fail to realize the ambition of the nation at large. One of the



radical newspapers this morning described the situation in brief by saying 'that the day is clear and fine and it should be a day of rejoicing, but it is not.' Such as it is, however, the Duma has been established. The first session has been opened with all the pomp and splendor of the Imperial Court.

"The Emperor arrived in the Imperial yacht this morning from Peterhoff where he had spent the night in the palace at that place. To lessen the chance of accident, one end of the pontoon bridge over the Neva was cast loose and the bridge allowed to swing with the tide lengthwise along the opposite shore as is done when the ice on the river begins to break up in the spring. Over the permanent bridges no one was permitted to pass since the dawn. At that hour also all traffic was stopped through the streets in the near vicinity of the Winter Palace and police lines thrown across them. When it was still quite early, troops of the Guard regiments could be seen moving in every direction throughout the neighborhood. In the palace square, squadrons of cavalry stood to horse.

"The ceremony itself was held in the St. George's throne-room of the Winter Palace. This hall is built of white marble and decorated with gold. Twin columns of white marble uphold the gallery which runs around all four walls. Six massive, golden chandeliers are suspended from the ceiling, which is heavily beamed and painted white. The floor is inlaid with intricate, beautiful patterns. The main entrance is situated at one end of the hall and the



throne on the raised platform at the other. On either side low tiers had been built and covered with dark red cloth. These were the places for the personages to stand who attended the ceremonies. Thus through the center of the hall lay a wide, open way, straight from the entrance to the throne. The walls on two sides were pierced with a series of plain glass windows through which today the morning sunlight entered freely.

"At half-past twelve o'clock a large company of men dressed in varied and gorgeous uniforms began straggling into the hall, without haste and without order, in such a manner as gave evidence that all this was more or less of a frequent occurrence with them. Several apparently had not seen each other for some time, for now and again two of them would stop to shake hands, or kiss each other on the cheek or stand chatting for a moment or so. Although the uniforms were varied they were very alike in gorgeousness. Gold braid, huge epaulets and rows of decorations everywhere prevailed. These personages were the members of the Imperial Council, the Chamberlains, and the other many officials of the court. Their footfalls on the wooden floor sounded loud in the great, empty hall.

"When this company had finally arranged itself, standing on the low tiers at the west side of the passage, the choir composed of boys' and men's voices, entered, and after them came a company of the court clergy dressed entirely in gold. One of these car-

ried a small Greek cross, another a bowl of the Holy Water. Both the choir and the clergy ranged themselves likewise on the western side of the hall.

“Then the members of the Duma arrived. There were a vast number of these. They moved into the hall rapidly, in single file, which suggested at once that before they had reached the door they had been compelled to pass one by one in front of officials for the purpose of identification. They took their places on the east side of the hall, standing in rows of three or four deep along the very edge of the lowest tier until they looked for all the world like a crowd of men lining the curbstone of the sidewalk and ‘waiting for the parade to pass.’ Only here, of course, with the exception of the priests and the Mohammedans, they waited with uncovered heads. A few of them wore the national costume of the peasants. A Roman Catholic Bishop wore a purple robe. There were two or three Orthodox Priests with flowing hair, and several men dressed in evening clothes and others again in some unpretentious uniform denoting that the owners were the holders of minor offices. But the great majority of the throng on the east side were in simple, dark-colored, every-day clothes with the trousers in most cases tucked into top boots which evidently had been freshly greased for the occasion.

“In one or two cases among the peasants the men betrayed that they were slightly ill at ease to find themselves actually standing there in the magnificent

throne-room of the palace. Now and again a peasant would move to the side of an acquaintance for the apparent reason of gaining the comfort of companionship in their strange surroundings. The great mass of them, however, continued to stand immovable in the rows along the edge of the lower tier. Their bearded, dark faces were slightly curious and undisturbed. Their deep blue eyes looked quietly at the opposite array of gorgeous uniforms, decorations and gold braid. Thus for a long while the representatives of the people waited face to face with the bureaucracy for the Emperor of them all to pass between them to the throne.

"At ten minutes of two the sound of a band playing the national anthem somewhere outside of the palace could be faintly heard, and almost immediately afterwards the procession entered the hall. Directly behind the Minister of the Imperial Court who walked at the head of the parade, came the different pieces of the Imperial regalia. There was the Seal, the Flag, the Sword, the Globe, the Crown and the Sceptre. Each one of these was carried by a man of high military or civil rank, and each was guarded by two officers with drawn swords and by two infantry soldiers in light marching order and fixed bayonets.

"The Emperor in a simple, regimental uniform walked alone. Behind him came the two Empresses dressed in the national costume of Russia, and behind these again came a company of Grand Dukes and their suites.

"The Emperor nodded first to the rows of peasants and representatives of the people who gazed at him without reserve. Then he turned to the other side and nodded to the bureaucracy who returned his greeting with low obeisance.

"The first part of the procession passed on to the appointed places near the throne. The Emperor stopped where the court clergy were standing. He stooped and kissed the Cross and received the sprinkling of Holy Water on his forehead. The two Empresses did the same and then took their stations on either side of the Emperor.

"There followed a long, religious ceremony. With the attempted destruction of Dubarsov and the murder of the Governor of Katrinaslave fresh in mind, in the immediate presence of that sombre array of people's representatives many of whom were outwardly confessed to be in sympathy with the revolutionary movement, with the chanting of the service going on and on apparently without an end, the situation for those three must have been a hard one to bear with indifference. The Emperor was not so tall as either of the Empresses. Although he stood erect, his pose was lacking in strength. Under the circumstances it was natural, perhaps, that now and again he betrayed slight signs of nervousness. Both the Empresses stood like statues.

"But when the services ended and the Empresses went forward and the Grand Dukes fell back so that the Emperor walked along and slowly down the cen-

tre of the hall to the throne, the fine attempt at an assumed impressive bearing and a seemingly outward calm called at once for a certain admiration.

"On reaching the throne, where the royal robe trimmed with ermine lay across the arm of the chair, the Emperor was handed a paper whereon his speech was written. The speech was brief. It contained no more than what was to be expected of the occasion. The Emperor read it with a slow, monotonous, distinct enunciation. He spoke for a little under three minutes in all.

"At the closing words, 'May God be a helper to me and to you,' the assemblage burst forth into cheering and a band stationed in the gallery played again the national hymn. But the cheering was not spontaneous. It continued with a dead level intensity which suggested immediately that only those who had been previously instructed did the shouting. The procession reformed as before and moved toward the main entrance of the hall. The cheering lasted until the Emperor had passed out. Then silence came abruptly."



## CHAPTER XI

### THE LOSS OF THE MAYFLOWER—1908

THE expedition to the Caribbean in search of sunken Spanish treasure was one of the big adventures in Scull's life, and for that matter in the life of every member of the ship's company. It was planned as a summer yachting cruise to the south'ard and ended in the total loss of the ship in a West Indian hurricane, all hands being saved by a passing steamer on a third and last attempt to get a line fast to the derelict. It was an adventure equalling any sea yarn told of the Spanish Main, and no band of swashbucklers in Drake's and Frobisher's days ever faced death with less thought or more courage than this crew of Harvard and Yale men of a peaceful and prosaic time.

The Southern Research Company, for such was the expedition's name, was organized in the Summer of 1908, but not until September 18th were the ship and crew completely outfitted and ready to sail. Scull, who had been elected leader, wrote his Mother on August 6th not to worry about his safety.

"The boat we are sailing in," the letter runs, "is the Mayflower. She is built exceedingly strong and has already made two trips to the West Indies. For



Captain we have a man who has been a deep sea skipper for a great many years and knows these waters like a book. We will undoubtedly take a mate as well. *In regard to the hurricane season, that season will be nearly over by the time we get there, and another thing you must remember the storms you may have up here we will not have in the south. I tell you this so that every time there is a storm up here you will not think of my being out in it. I shall be many hundred miles south of the track of that storm.*"

On September 19th he sent a last word ashore by the pilot as the Mayflower was passing out through the Narrows on her way to sea.

"We hope to catch a favorable wind," wrote Scull, "and sail straight down the coast. If any storm blows up we will not have any difficulty about getting into a good harbor. We are all in fine spirits. Will write you as soon as we get into Kingston."

The Mayflower never reached Kingston. The story of the cruise, the loss of the ship, and a second attempt to raise the treasure is best told by a close personal friend of Scull and a member of the ship's company. He writes as follows:

"Over my desk hangs a photograph that I shall never part with. The view is from the bow of a dismasted schooner looking aft. The deck is scattered with the debris of wreckage, a dory is lashed bottom up by the main companionway, the port rail shows to be battered and broken in, a huge sea rises above the starboard quarter, about the wheel stands a small

group of men in oilskins, but what catches the eye most particularly is a slight, lean figure, with close cropped hair and sunburnt skin, clad in a cotton shirt and long black trousers, clinging to the stump of the broken mainmast, evidently on lookout duty. The wrecked vessel is the Mayflower, and the lookout Guy Scull.

"I like the picture not only because it recalls vividly to me a few days of stirring adventure that I enjoy in retrospect but because it portrays Guy Scull in a situation that I believe he enjoyed above all others, for he was a man with whom adventure was a real passion and a thing to be pursued as carefully and diligently as any profession or business in life should be pursued.

"That was thirteen years ago now and we were all young enough then to be moved further from the fireside by a tale and prospect of sunken treasure. Scull and Boyleston were veteran adventurers, the former had been a Rough Rider and war correspondent in the Boer and Russo-Japanese wars and the latter had fought in the Boer army, been severely wounded, captured by the British and after so many daring attempts to escape that he was considered by them more than a handful, had been locked up in Napoleon's headquarters at St. Helena. The rest of our crowd behind the mast, Hayden Richardson, Stephen Noyes and myself, were gentlemen with less dramatic pasts.

"Scull was commander of the expedition and a

very thorough, capable commander he made. The Mayflower was officered by an aged captain, now dead, a competent and genial first mate, Perham, for whom life held many vicissitudes many of which were of a distinctly humorous character to me, at any rate, and four or five men before the mast. About three hundred miles east of Cape Canaveral, Florida, and the same distance north of Watling's Island, early in October on our way to Kingston, Jamaica, we ran into an unusually severe hurricane. For the first twelve hours we were hove to under double reefed foresail and fore staysail and made good weather of it until both sails, one after the other, blew to pieces.

"We were then forced to run under bare poles before the storm which had reached its full intensity. As I remember we ran about four hours, from midnight to daybreak, the schooner rolling down on her beam ends and putting her spreaders in the seas, flying at tremendous rate of speed and being almost impossible to steer. It was about daybreak that the rudder broke and she broached to and put her masts in the water. I suppose the wind was blowing as high as one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour then.

"She was ballasted with pig-iron and some of this rolled to leeward, making her less stable, and after a couple of severe knockdowns, Scull, who was clinging to the weather rail, took command of the ship, the captain being too dazed and beaten by the situation to act, and ordered the masts cut out. It was

undoubtedly his prompt decision that saved us, for before we got the mainmast clear, she had put both masts in five times, and the last time I recall going completely under water myself; I was at the mainmast step helping the mate cut away, and the last thing I saw was the mast head go under and the weather rail apparently tumble over on top of me.

"When she righted it appeared that Scull and the others had been hanging clear of the rail by their hands with their knees in the water, so it can be seen that her decks had crossed the perpendicular.

"When the mast finally went it punched a hole through the deck and then blew out like a toothpick to leeward for the spring stay between it and the foremast had not been cut. We cut the fore rigging and then in a minute or so the entire rig went to blazes, first the bowsprit, then the mainboom and gaff and mainsail, all furled together, jumped over the broken mainmast stump, crashed down on the lee rail, smashing it and a dory to pieces, and finally, after we had cut the watch tackles and main sheet, rolled overboard and blew away over the crest of a mountainous sea never to be seen again.

"We now found ourselves somewhere in the South Atlantic rudderless, mastless and rigless save for the foreboom and about a third of the storm trysail. Everything below decks was in a frightful mess. All the belongings of the men in the starboard bunks of the main cabin had tumbled over into the port bunks when she heeled down and on top of them had



THE WRECK OF THE MAYFLOWER, 1908





rolled several tons of bilge water and pig-iron ballast. General devastation and mess was true from the forecastle to the lazarette aft. I remember that all we had to eat for the next few days was canned eggs, hardtack, soaked in bilgewater, and sardines.

"We had three tons of dynamite in the after state-room which caused us much anxiety as the Mayflower had a long, low stern and pounded frightfully in the heavy seas. Partly because we had feared the dynamite might be detonated and in order to relieve the strain on her stern, which was beginning to break up, we started to throw the dynamite overboard. The first box floated under her stern and she came down 'whack' on top of it, which gave us a scare, and then we decided to break the boxes open so they would sink quicker. Boylston took a hammer and cold chisel and went after the job in true boilermaker fashion, but Scull thought his technique faulty and took the job himself, prying the boxes open carefully and letting Boylston and the rest heave them overboard.

"Saturday we sighted a steamer, the Advance of the Panama line, signalled her but as we had lost our code book could not read her signals. We thought she said she would 'stand by.' As it was very rough and blowing a gale and she was having all she could do to weather it herself, we got no assistance from her and after a while lost her from view. That night we burnt Coston lights and sent up rockets, and about midnight picked up the lights of a steamer. She stood by and when dawn came we made her out as

the *Ran*, a Norwegian tramp, heavily laden and taking on water like a submarine. She tried to lower a boat but smashed it up and then towed a buoyed line about us which Noyes finally got by swimming for it about noon. To this the *Ran* fastened a heavy hawser but, as we were hauling it in, our line caught in her screw and parted. She then gave up trying to get us and stood by.

"About 3 P. M., Sunday, we sighted a third steamer, the *Hippolite Dumois* of the United Fruit Company, a small, lightly loaded steamer, that appeared to be making good weather of it. Her captain was able to manoeuver her readily and soon had backed her down on us and cast a line over our decks. In no time we had a hawser through the bits and were in tow. Then, by means of a life buoy and a snub line, we were hauled over through the water and up the stern to the steamer's deck, the *Mayflower*, in a sinking condition, was cut adrift, and we started for Baltimore, minus most of our belongings but rich in adventure.

"The *Hippolite's* skipper offered us all clothing, cigars and whiskey. Scull took only the cigars. He was on a swear-off and though he was suffering from fever and was in a weakened condition, refused a drink under circumstances that surely warranted one, and went down to the fireroom in his wet clothes and smoked the Captain's cigars till he dried off.

"We were landed at Baltimore a few days later and when we returned to New York I went down to

Kingston, Jamaica, and chartered another schooner, the *Seagull*, to get out to the wreck we were after. Incidentally I caught fever and my doctor advised my returning to New York, which I did, passing Scull, Boylston and the mate who sailed for Kingston about the same time I sailed for New York. They took the *Seagull* out to the reef and after a few days my desire to see the thing through moved me back to Kingston where I got a trader from the Cayman Islands to take me out to the reef.

"This was a fortunate move for when we reached Pedro Banks and sighted the *Seagull* I found that the treasure hunt had not gone as well as anticipated. Scull and Boylston put out to the sloop I was on in a long canoe, burnt as brown as Indians by the hot Caribbean sun, and clambered aboard. I eagerly took Boylston aside and asked him how much treasure they had got.

" 'Treasure! hell!' was his reply, 'we haven't even found the place yet.'

"The pilot, who was one of the chief promoters of the scheme and a gentleman of uncertain methods, was at fault. He was gambling on a very little exact information. However, the cook of my sloop had been with the vessel that first discovered the wreck and had taken out the bulk of the treasure recovered, so after sufficient inducement had been offered, he located the wreck for us and we got to work.

"It was an impossible place, eighty miles off shore on a shallow reef over which the seas were constantly

breaking. Our divers were handicapped by a heavy undertow and were forced to blast at random with little indication of where the wrecked vessel really lay, as centuries of coral growth had almost completely encrusted her. We got a good deal of junk from her that marked her as a pirate ship or galleon, but we never saw a dubloon or a 'piece of eight.'

"Scull worked faithfully on our little scow, the Dirty Mary, running the sand pump, blastings, examining the bottom, but to no avail. Boylston amused himself by running the seas as they broke over the reef in the canoe with a crew of Indian and negro boys, all yelling like savages and as naked as the day they were born. In the evenings we rolled uncomfortably in our hammocks on the Seagull and wished we were home. Finally our water and dynamite gave out and a blow came up, so Scull reluctantly gave the order to abandon the scow, up anchor and sail for Kingston.

"We got on a reef on the way but got off again with little damage to the ship. At Kingston the expedition was terminated and after disposing of our outfit we sailed for home. Scull was the most disappointed member of the party, for he hated to fall down on anything he undertook. The rest of us had a good time so we didn't worry. But I believe that Scull would have embarked on the next expedition of a similar nature that was presented to him with equal enthusiasm, for he just naturally loved the game."

Mrs. Scull received the first news of the loss of the Mayflower and the rescue of the crew, including her son, by wire from Baltimore into which port the steamship Hippolite Dumois of the United Fruit Line steamed with the survivors. Scull also wrote from New York and she received confirmation of the rescue and more details from another member of the crew, who added this note:

"We have to be thankful that the crew did not share the fate of the unfortunate vessel and we are all satisfied to get back our friends alive and doubly proud of them for their heroism at the time of the wreck. I wish to say that even when expecting death each moment, Guy was regretting the loss of the ship and the failure of the expedition."

An anti-climax of the cruise and loss of the Mayflower is revealed in another letter received by Mrs. Scull shortly after the survivors reached New York, which says:

"Guy is laboriously getting ready to go to a dinner party, to the high delight of Roger Derby and all his crowd. It seems that while they were all upon their cruise, South, Roger showed Guy a picture of a girl that Guy admired very much. After a lot of joking Guy promised if Roger would produce the girl he would meet her. He promptly forgot all about it, but Roger did not. He got his sister to give a dinner party, get the girl (she lived out of town) and then put it up to Guy to keep his promise. The Skipper fussed and fumed and squirmed, but finally had to



accept, to the intense delight of the whole Harvard Club. They were now all busy formally shaking him by the hand and saying good-bye to him."

But there is no further record that the attempt to interest Scull in dinner parties and pretty girls was a success. It no doubt wasn't, for the Skipper was about as enthusiastic as solid cement when it came to pushing him into this side of life. He was still at this period a victim of the wanderlust and headed straight in the opposite direction.



## CHAPTER XII

### NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT 1908-1909

GENERAL THEODORE A. BINGHAM, Police Commissioner under Mayor McClellan, appointed Scull to the first position he had in the Police Department. That was in December, 1908.

"He was then a slender, wiry, soft-spoken fellow with strikingly blue eyes," writes General Bingham, "exceptional in his reticence, one might say in his silence, for he spoke so little. He was exceedingly modest and retiring. But underneath all this was a restless, bold, adventurous spirit. He was always looking for experiences of unusual and dramatic kinds—with plenty of excitement and even risk, if possible, to life and limb. When asked about his adventures, he would smile, but say little, except on rare occasions.

"In Scull's extraordinary quiet, modest way he must have had a great deal of fun.

"Though one would never have suspected it, just to meet him casually, he was all for action.

"He was alert and keen in mind, tough in body, of well disciplined temper, full of the real spirit of adventure, bold but not foolhardy, full of nerve and probably the most desirable man I have ever met

to have beside one in a tight and dangerous scrap. He was courteous, gentle, kindly, universally beloved—a real man with the bubbling heart of a boy.”

Arthur Woods brought Scull to General Bingham's attention. Woods had been made Fourth Deputy Police Commissioner by General Bingham following an investigation into police conditions which Woods had made for a committee of citizens. Both Woods and Scull were strangers at Headquarters. They did not know the newspaper reporters any better than they did the members of the force, or the Commissioner's official family. Woods, barring his short newspaper career, came direct into the study of police conditions here and abroad from a master's position at Groton School. Before that he had spent one year of post-graduate work in a German university following four years at Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1892, six years before Scull. He was a high-grade scholar, a keen student of civic affairs, devoted to out-of-doors sports, a good, wholesome type of the present-day educator.

If Scull did not bring as much book learning to his new job as did Woods, his boss, he balanced his side of the ledger with what he had learned in the rough school of experience in newspaper work, in the army in South Africa, East Africa, Manchuria, Japan and Russia. Together these two men made a strong combination. Scull was devoted to his work from the start, staying all hours on the job either at his desk or prowling around town. The force did not take

instantly to him. He was known to the "old-timers" as a "Haa-vared" man with the broad accent on the first syllable. But it was not long before the real policemen got his true measure.

"Boots" Trojan, a detective-sergeant, expressed this as only a New York "cop" can when he declared:

"I had Scull all wrong from the start. The first time I went in to see him I said to myself, 'My God, he's a portrait.' He looked like one of those swell canvases hanging up there in the Park. But you see the only person I was kidding was myself. I jumped at a guess on that fellow and muffed him, absolutely.

"I had to wait that day before getting to him and as I studied him in those few minutes I knew my first guess was wrong.

"Although he looked dressy, he wasn't. Get me? It wasn't his clothes. Anything would look good on that fellow. He didn't say much but he had a drawl like a comedian, and yet you didn't know whether he was stringing you or in earnest, and you liked it. Then I took a real tumble to his face. It *was* a portrait but it was class. It was the face of a leader, something fine and strong and yet sad. He reminded me of those old fellows in the history books we had in school. When he spoke to me he didn't roar and spit. He had a soft, easy, lead-me-to-it voice. That was Scull as I saw him first and afterwards learned to know him, and I don't want to know any better."

"Boots'" name was George. He was one of the group of reliable policemen with whom Scull first

came in contact and who took him around town and made him acquainted with police business. It was Trojan who got Scull out one cold winter night soon after he came to Headquarters with a telephone message that he, Trojan, had "holed up" a gang of river pirates. Did the Commissioner want to come down and get in the raid? It didn't take Scull long to get there, minus an overcoat and gloves and his derby jammed down over his ears. Those wharf-rats had been terrorizing the barge and canal boatmen along South Street for months, and had left a trail reeking with assaults, robberies and worse among the boatmen and their families. Trojan was ringing up Headquarters for a raiding party when Scull arrived.

"Leave 'em behind," said this Harvard man. "Come on. We haven't got time. Let's jump the gang alone."

"Sure," said Trojan.

So alone these two went after a good-sized gang of tough wharf-rats and river pirates. They sneaked down a long wharf, slipped into a rowboat, and pushed off in the black night feeling their way around the pier heads, in and out among the boats, under wharves, until finally they came to their quarry's hole. Then they left their boat and climbed.

"Scull was right on top of me all the time," said Trojan. "I didn't have to wait for him. Both of us had guns, but I was worried for fear of his getting hurt. He ruined his clothes, lost his derby hat, and skinned his hands till they bled, and then when

we finally rushed the place and busted in the door, the dump was empty. It was a shack built of boxes and driftwood back in under the land end of a pier, but a place that couldn't be reached except from the water at high tide. We destroyed it, leaving it in ruins, and carting away a load of junk. As we were climbing back into the boat Scull said he had forgot something and went back, and what do you think he did? He pinned a piece of paper on a post over the ruins with a skull and crossbones on it and underneath the words in big letters 'BEWARE.' He printed the thing himself with his fountain pen and chuckled like a boy as he did it. When he left me in the dawn of that morning he said:

"'Trojan, I wouldn't have missed that party for a year's salary.'"

James Bresnan, another detective-sergeant who came early in contact with Scull, said that usually when they were called to the front office it meant a "bawling out" and when he was first ordered to see Scull he went "meek and humble."

"I was the most surprised cop in the line-up," said Bresnan. "I didn't get the usual gruff, 'What's the matter with you?' or 'Whoever told you you were a detective?' It was 'How are you coming on with this case, Officer? Is there any assistance you want? Can I personally be of help to you?' And after I had finished with my report and was going out, he asked me to make his office my headquarters and to come



direct to him any time I wanted to. I went out with the thought that I was somebody, and that I would work my head off for this man who gave me credit for having brains, even if I didn't have any. Commissioner Scull not only made good on what he promised, but no matter in how tight a corner I got at times Scull was always behind me backing me up to the limit."

Such was Scull as the policemen found him and got to know him. As he became acquainted with office routine, Woods began turning over to him cases to handle himself. He had special men assigned to him as a field force.

It was about this time that the newspapers began an exposé of a loathsome traffic in human beings which had been steadily increasing among immigrant classes during the last ten years.

Both dealers and their victims of barter were of the lowest order of intelligence; the dealers, brutal and despicable beyond words, and the victims, ignorant unfortunates recruited from the ranks of outcasts both here and abroad. The name given the unfortunate women was "White Slaves" and the wretches, their masters, were known as "cadets." In many instances it was charged that the "White Slaves" were actually bought and sold, but the Mann Act (June 25, 1910) was not then on the statute books, and it was as difficult to draw a legal complaint on which to obtain a conviction in court as it was to show proof of the traffic.

The cleaning up of this traffic in New York City



was one of the first tasks assigned by Deputy Commissioner Woods to his assistant, Scull, and he lost no time in starting a survey of the town, on which he could make a round-up of these human wolves who infested it. I mention this here because of its importance to the police work of the country, and because of the effect of this investigation and the evidence collected, on Federal legislation that followed.

Working with Scull on this survey and investigation was Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, a member of the U. S. Immigration Commission, who was directing the investigation of certain evasions of the Federal law and also of the relations of immigrants to various social problems, especially crime, pauperism, disease, etc. The co-operation of Professor Jenks was obtained by General Bingham through his close relations with the Federal authorities in Washington.

Professor Jenks writes:

"The work with the criminal immigrant was of quite a different type from the White Slave traffic, even more dangerous, if possible, as regards the detectives, and on the whole probably more successful, had the Police Department in New York not changed its administration before the work was completed. It was while at work in Italy on work developed along these lines that Petrosino was murdered.

"The work was very dangerous here because the men in the field were dealing with criminal characters, men who were levying blackmail upon their

own countrymen here and who were committing the other desperate crimes of the Black Hand. In consequence, in order to avoid every chance of exposing them, I never saw but twice the Italian who was working for the Commission, and then, under an assumed name, I visited a friend of his where he met me in order that I might know the kind of man to whom I was furnishing pay and be able better to judge the trustworthy character of his work.

"Here again, in this work, Scull's intellectual acumen was of the greatest assistance and to him should be given in good part the credit for the very successful development of the work in the Police Department. When General Bingham and with him Arthur Woods, Guy Scull and two other deputies resigned, there were in the records of the Police Department more than one hundred certified copies of criminal records of Italian criminals in the United States, mostly in New York and vicinity, whose addresses were known and whose deportation was impending. It had been thought best, in order to avoid detection and the consequent scattering and escape of the criminals, that arrangements be made with the immigration authorities at Ellis Island only after the evidence was completed and the men in large numbers could be rounded up at once and sent off. A deportation at one time of large numbers of criminals of that class would have been the greatest blow to the black-hand work and to the criminal immigrants known in the history of the city.

“Knowing the facts in the case, after the retirement of Woods and Scull, I went to the new head of this work in the department and told him I had been cognizant of the facts and asked him if I could be of any service in carrying on the work. He told me that he knew the fact that these criminal records were in the files of the department, but that he and the new commissioner were of the opinion that the police force of New York had enough to do in keeping order in New York City *without troubling about the criminal situation in Rome, Naples, and other foreign cities!* The Police Department proposed to take no further action in that direction. How many bombs were later thrown, well-to-do Italians blackmailed, and murders committed by these criminals that might have been and would have been deported had Woods and Scull remained in their positions it is left for the reader to judge.

“In these two fields Scull and I were associated for many months. In his very modest, quiet way, never claiming any credit or making himself in the least conspicuous, he furnished continually ideas and plans, and wherever necessary and practicable the co-operation of the Police Department which were of the very greatest assistance to the Immigration Commission in carrying on its work. In addition thereto his work, with the full authority of Colonel Woods and General Bingham back of it, gave to New York within those two years the cleanest conditions as regards vice and crime that it had known for many years before

or that it has known since, with the possible exception of the later period when Colonel Woods, as Commissioner of Police, had the direction of the whole city. It would be difficult to express too high an appreciation of the efficiency and success of Guy Scull's work."

In one raid of a West 28th Street boarding-house during the "white slave" investigation Scull gathered in a notorious Belgian character who had been living on the earnings of his women and had so far eluded arrest. It was Scull's first really big case and Scull was anxious to make his evidence so complete that the wretch couldn't beat it in court. Scull had a most wholesome respect for the rules of evidence, but he had an equal scorn for several of the judges and lawyers then practising in the criminal courts. He realized, however, that he was a novice at the game, and so swallowed his pride, and asked a lawyer friend to sit in and coach him during the examination of the prisoner. Using the police phrase, Headquarters was "wise" to the event, the reporters were "wise," and the case became a topic of interest, with everyone keen to see how Woods' new assistant would handle his first big case. One of the deputies described the scene at the examination. Scull sat at his desk in the role of inquisitor; in front of him, the white, pasty-faced Belgian with a sneer on his face and the manner of a man confident of his safety, and extremely bored. On one side sat the stenographer, and on the other the lawyer friend.

Scull went laboriously into a long quiz as to the

life and record of the prisoner, getting by his own admissions a complete record of his life. It wasn't a pretty story either. Then he suddenly switched to the incident of his arrest.

Q. Do you work for a living?

A. No.

Q. Had one in the past five years?

A. No.

Q. Got a bank account?

A. No.

Q. Who pays for your clothes?

A. A friend.

Q. Who pays for your food?

A. A friend.

Q. A lady friend?

A. Yes.

Q. Have you got more than one of these lady friends?

A. Yes.

Q. How many?

A. Maybe five, maybe six!

Q. And they all work for you?

A. They are crazee about me!

Q. What sort of jobs have they?

A. That is their business. I nevair ask a lady her business.

Q. Can you guess?

A. Maybe yes, maybe no!

Q. They go out on the street for you, don't they?

A. Sure they go on the street.



Q. They "hustle" for you, don't they?

A. That's it. Veery good. "Hustle." Veery, veery good!

"I don't believe you need go any further," interrupted Scull's lawyer friend, breaking into the examination at this point. "I think you have sufficiently proved the social position of this gentleman."

"Good," said Scull. "That's a relief."

This case held, and a conviction was secured.

Scull was crowned with a *nom de plume* in the early days of his police experience. It was "Mr. Tobin of Cohoes, N. Y.," and it stuck, or rather the story did. "Jimmie" Finn, another detective sergeant, gave Scull that "moniker." Finn, a slight, thin-faced, sharp-eyed policeman, who looked like a boy then, and hasn't grown much older in looks since, was Wood's authority on gang activities, and afterward made leader of the Gang Squad, which did much effective work. Finn writes:

"I was selected to take Mr. Scull out one night, show him the various rendezvous of members of the underworld, and give him a sort of a close-up. I could not very well introduce him to our friends as the secretary of the Fourth Deputy Police Commissioner, so I had to look him over carefully, see what name and city I could give to the various joint keepers, crooks and hangers-on with whom we came in contact. I told Mr. Scull he was a sight-see-er and would have to stand for what I called him. His tall, outdoor looking appearance at that time, with the



slight twang he had, made him look and act like a man from the country. So I named him 'Mr. Tobin from Cohoes.' I don't think the conditions he saw on that night were ever witnessed by him again. We made a night of it, and 'Mr. Tobin' certainly had a good time. He never missed a trick, and played up to the mob I 'buzzed' him to like a born actor. He spoke very little to any of these birds all during the trip, but he was a good listener, and when he did speak he always said just enough and no more, but his sharp eyes, grim smile and the different slants of his long cigar always had me wise that he was on to everything that was doing.

"Scull's manner with the detectives and the other members of the force had a great deal to do with getting their confidence at the time of Commissioner Woods' reorganization of the Bureau. They had faith in him absolutely, knew he was the right breed, and could trust him with their confidence. That meant more than the public knew in the reorganization that followed.

"The memory of the late Major Scull is one of the pleasantest things the Detective Bureau has to look back upon. Although he had many trying times and the newspapers often roasted him, he never lost his head, and he never failed to stand up for and back up his subordinates."

The Bingham administration came to an end rather abruptly and closed for the time being Scull's police activities in New York. The incident had an impor-

tant effect upon Scull, undoubtedly affecting his subsequent career. This sudden termination of a new and altogether fine police administration for a city that had fared so notoriously ill in this line, gave to Scull a first-hand picture of the viselike grip partisan politics had upon the police, and what the members of the force themselves had to contend with. It laid bare with all its sordidness the working of the so-called "political pull" and illustrated in no uncertain way the discouragement and rebuff offered a clean, high-principled head of a department in trying to honestly administer his sworn duty.

This is not the place to review the removal of Police Commissioner Bingham from office, an incident now forgotten, but which shook the city when it was announced. There have been various reasons given as the cause of this summary action. Stripped of all verbiage, the facts are that a citizen demanded that the Police Commissioner destroy a set of fingerprints in the Bureau of Identification of the Detective Bureau at Headquarters. The General promptly refused. The Mayor asked the General to resign. This the General also declined to do and the Mayor removed him forthwith. The Bingham administration went out of office at midnight on the 29th of June, and the departure of these men, together, from the old Mulberry Street building is said to have been one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed at Police Headquarters.

The one deputy who accepted the Mayor's invita-

tion to stay, and who declined to go out with his former associates, was given the office vacated by his former chief.

The fingerprinted subject whose political friends precipitated the controversy was afterwards caught by the police in an even more serious predicament, and the evidence in the case absolutely vindicated General Bingham's position.

Soon after the dramatic end of the Bingham administration Scull was in conference with Morgan Schuster, recently returned from Persia, on the subject of the organization of a uniformed police for the Shah. Scull was modeling it after the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada. Edmund Leigh, a police detective, was working with him on it, but the thing dragged into an indefinite correspondence with the East. Buffalo Jones came out of the West with an entirely new proposition and Scull went to British East Africa instead of Persia, all of which is told in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XIII

### NAIROBI—1910

MEN of the plains and the mountains had an equal place in the Skipper's affection with the men of the sea. He liked wild horses and he probably liked the men who could tame them. He liked the range life. Scull first came to know these Westerners when in the Rough Riders. Later he lived with cattle men on a ranch in New Mexico. He rode herd and bunked with them. He worked and played with them. He learned to understand them. Probably if Scull had not turned this leaf of life out there on the plains he never would have met up with "Buffalo Jones." He would never have known how to handle this eccentric character and this Nairobi chapter would never have been written. But come together Jones and Scull did, and the place of meeting was not a water hole in the canyon country, but a prosaic law office in Nassau Street, New York City. Here, as strange as it may seem, "Buffalo Jones" and the Skipper, together with several other gentlemen, formed an exploration company to back Scull and "The Colonel," as "Buffalo Jones" was called, in an expedition to British East Africa to lasso lions and rhinoceros and all other big game they could find.



NAIROBI, 1910  
ROPING A RHINOCEROS





It all sounds ridiculously out of place. Nassau Street and rhinoceros! The practice of law and the hunting of big game do not sound quite so strange, nor Wall Street and Bears and Bulls, but somehow "Buffalo Jones" and the Skipper meeting up in Nassau Street to go roping lions, giraffes and such things in East Africa appears to be almost a burlesque. And yet that day these men met Charles Sumner Bird of Boston, and Arthur A. Fowler, of New York, in a directors' meeting in the Nassau Street office it was just as serious and grave a business as was ever attempted in any other directors' meeting, whether banks, railroads or manufactories. It took considerable money to finance a trip of upwards of one hundred men and animals into the heart of a wild African country on what might seem at first glance a wild adventure. It would have been much easier and safer to raise the same amount for grain or cotton for instance, but these men were not rash or foolish. They were really going to try and find some African big game to bring back to the Western U. S. A. for crossing with buffalo in experiments to produce a new hybrid that would provide both hide and meat at low cost for the market. Incidentally, Colonel Jones and his cowboys were to try roping the same big game that other American big game hunters (noticeably Roosevelt) had recently succeeded in shooting; and to pay for the trip, the experiments and the sport, the company decided to take moving picture cameras along to get movies of

the cowboys and lions in action which might be sold to English and American houses at a good profit. Such was the conception and the start of what was called the Buffalo Jones Expedition. Scull was made manager of the expedition and given command of it at all times except when actually on the hunt in the field; then Colonel Jones was to assume command and take all responsibility.

Jones was a western plainsman, sixty-five years of age at that time, who had in his career roped and tied, often single-handed, every kind of wild animal of consequence to be found in our western country. He had climbed trees after mountain lions and with a lasso over a branch had hauled grizzlies up into the air by one hind leg. He had alone, made a journey over a country that no white man had ever traveled before to reach the land of the musk-ox on the border of the Arctic Circle. He had, moreover, roped musk-oxen and started out with five live calves to reach the settlements after fearful exposure to the weather, only to lose his prizes through the treachery of Indian guides, who, obeying the laws of their religion, killed the calves rather than have them pass into the hands of the white man. The success Jones had achieved with the mountain lion of the Southwest, the musk-ox of the North and the grizzly bear of the Rockies did not satisfy him. For twenty years it had been his one ambition to take an outfit to British East Africa to try his hand with the big game of that country. It was with such a man, and Mr. Fowler and

Mr. Sewall, that Scull sailed from New York later in the month for London.

William Maxwell, an English writer and correspondent in the Boer War with Scull, met "Buffalo Jones" and Scull soon after their arrival in London. He describes the meeting in the London Daily Mail of January 28th, as follows:

"I met Scull by chance in Piccadilly, the collar of his heavy coat was turned up, his hands were deep in his pockets, though raised in New England he feels the cold. 'Where are you off to now?' I asked.

" 'East Africa.'

" 'What for?'

" 'Rope lions.'

"If any other man had given me that answer I would have looked around for a policeman but it was Scull, my American friend with whom I had had adventures in Asia and Africa—Scull, the cavalry man, the cowboy and the war correspondent.

"Scull was always laconic and always serious and I always took him seriously. Thus it happened that I found myself in an old-fashioned hotel next day shaking hands again with him and 'Buffalo Jones.' I can still feel the grip of that iron hand and am sorry for the lions in East Africa, for 'Buffalo Jones' is going to show the world that lions may be caught by hand instead of being trapped or shot. What will happen after he has lassoed them he does not pretend to say, that is a secret between the lion and Mr. Jones and Scull.

“‘I am not going to submit my proofs to Copenhagen,’ remarked ‘Buffalo Jones’ with a gay twinkle in his eye. ‘Our friend Scull is going to take photographs while I do the roping. No Copenhagen for me.’ (This was shortly after the incident of Dr. Cook and his famous controversy over the discovery of the North Pole.)

“‘And how do you expect to get on with the African lion?’ I asked.

“‘Well, the African lion is a difficult problem, but it’s got to be solved. I’ll catch him all right, and Scull will take his picture all right. But what will happen after that I don’t pretend to know, being a hunter and not a prophet. I am taking my branding irons, and the lions I don’t want I’ll brand and turn loose again to fight another day. I shall try the rhinoceros, and the buffalo too if I can get him out of the bush. I am taking with me ten of the best American-trained horses and twelve hounds of various breeds, some of which I have bought in this country. My lassoes are of Russian hemp, hard twisted so that they go through the air with the least possible resistance. Though no thicker than a little finger, my lasso will hold up a weight of two tons. When I have made a capture I tie it up with rope, through which runs steel wire.’”

The Jones’ expedition after completing its outfitting in London started south, sailing from Southampton on February 3rd. Mr. Fowler boarded the ship at Marseilles and his brother Arthur, at Aden. The

party arrived at Nairobi in British East Africa on March 3rd. Jones and Scull had picked up in London, Cherry Kearton, a naturalist, big game hunter and cinematograph expert; also David Gobbett, his assistant. At Nairobi they were met by Marshall Loveless and Ambro Means, two western cowboys who had shipped from New York direct to Africa with a bunch of western cow-ponies and American dogs, together with a full equipment of saddles, ropes and pack outfit. Ray Ulyate, a white hunter, was engaged at Nairobi, also special porters to carry the moving-picture machine; a company of black men and ox-wagons engaged from the Boma Trading Company to complete the expedition. This safari started out without any delay for the interior of the country and its departure was commented upon in the local papers with much enthusiasm and with some pessimism by the English Colonists who, while wishing the Americans all the best luck in the world, wondered how these men, with nothing but ropes and horses, were going to capture the daring lion, rhinoceros and other wild animals which the great hunters of their own country had trouble in bringing down with high-powered rifles.

The story of the fortunes of this expedition, the hardships it went through, the success and failures it had, are thrillingly described by Scull in "Lassoing Wild Animals in South Africa," published by F. A. Stokes & Co.; also in a series of articles in *Everybody's Magazine*, in the September, October and



November numbers of that same year. In these prints there is no mention of Scull's part, nor is there a line on what he did in this adventure in any of the articles appearing in the newspapers of British East Africa or London, which at that time were full of the activities of these American cowboys. Scull, evidently in fulfilment of a promise to his friend, Maxwell in London, also wrote two or three articles for the London Daily Mail describing some of the things he had seen on this trip. In introducing these articles Maxwell writes:

"It is some weeks since my American friend, Scull, told me that he was going to British East Africa to help to 'rope lions.' I believe Scull to be capable of any adventure, for I have known him under many conditions and in many lands. And when I had seen 'Buffalo Jones' (concerning whom I wrote in this column in January), and had recovered from his friendly handshake, I believed in the lion-roper with whose marvelous exploits every schoolboy in the United States is familiar. The other day I received a letter from my old comrade. It is written in pencil and dated from Soda Swamp Camp, British East Africa, and informs me that 'Buffalo Jones' and his cowboys have begun with a rhinoceros. Here is the letter:

" 'Somehow everything seems to happen on moving day with this here outfit,' wrote Scull. 'On this particular moving day we met our first rhinoceros, a big bull, and the Colonel and the cowboys roped



him and fought him for five hours in the hot sunlight before he was beaten. It was a little, a very little, like playing a large fish on a light line. In the beginning the rhino dragged the horses all about, even though the horses planted their four feet firmly on the ground, as they are trained to do with cattle; but in the end the horses dragged the rhino—dragged him up to a clump of thorn trees, where the cowboys tied him, properly heeled, with all the ropes at hand.

\* \* \* In one of his charges the rhino made for Gobbett's camera. The porter went up the tree like a flash, but the tree was so small there was not room for two and Gobbett was compelled to abandon his camera and retreat. With an upward stroke of his horn the rhino sent the apparatus flying. Then Means succeeded in attracting his attention and he charged the horseman instead. Gobbett picked up the debris, found that the tripod-head was split clean in two as with an axe, found the camera itself undamaged, found there was enough head left to support the camera, quickly mounted his machine again, and was just in time to catch the end of the rhino's chase after Means. From one position to another the fight went on through the long hot afternoon. Ropes were thrown and caught and broken, mended and thrown again. The horses were pulled, all standing, one way and another. Rolls of films were used and replaced by fresh ones. The rhino sulked and stormed and charged in turn.

“ ‘Once the Colonel was nearly caught. There was

scarcely daylight between his horse's tail and the upthrust of the rhino's head. Once, with the rope on the rhino's neck, Loveless' saddle turned and he had to jump clear to avoid a fall. As the afternoon wore away little by little the rhino showed signs of weakening. He tottered once and lay down, then got up and charged feebly. The horses moved him, then dragged him inch by inch to a clump of thorns where the cowboys tied him fast.' "

A study of the report of the expedition made to the company by its manager gives a very good idea of the proportions of this job which Scull assumed. He had the task of buying the greater part of the equipment—foods, medicines, supplies—in London, of getting it shipped and seeing that it all reached its destination. At Mombasa, British East Africa, he had to engage hunters, porters, teamsters and their ox teams and carts. He had to personally settle the disputes and grievances of this varied assortment of men, Americans, Englishmen, Colonists and native blacks, which in itself was a task that required the firmness, patience and force of a general, diplomat and slave driver, combined.

From dawn until dark, besides doing his part on the hunt, he was busy keeping the safari moving over this rough country, bossing the job when a wagon stuck at a ford or stalled on a stiff grade going over the mountains. At night when others slept, he had to check up on the day's work, make up his accounts,

write his journal, superintend the work of feeding, doctor sick men and animals and prepare generally for the work of the morrow.

This was a hard, nerve-racking job. We see it as the sort of thing Scull was always trying to do. He was not interested in ordinary every-day jobs that people do in civilized communities. Scull could have had for the mere asking, an easy berth in a dozen different enterprises, if he had wanted them! But that was not Scull's gait. He liked a breath of civilization once in a while. He liked to loaf around clubs for a few weeks as a break in his schedule of things, and for the same reason perhaps, he liked now and then to see a few plays, to hear good music and study up on things worth while that had been done while he had been away. But for a steady diet he much preferred tough jobs in out-of-the-way places. He would much rather, for instance, settle a dispute with a company of rebellious black porters or attempt to tie up a fighting mad rhinoceros with rope and take his picture, than to get all dressed up and go out to dine.

As brief as they are, but expressed in Scull's clear, precise English, extracts from his daily reports in the company journal give, better than anything else we have, a picture of the day's work of this expedition. The following paragraphs are taken from the yellow pages of an old account book in which minutes of the day's journal appear side by side with entries on pur-

chase and sales of everything from rope and feed bags to horses and dogs, medicine, moving-picture films, saddles and horseshoes:

March 28th—Trekking to the Last Water. Sent Means back to Aggats for a dog that refused to follow him yesterday. Took Webb's wagon along with us here to help over the bad going. It will go back tomorrow, picking up Fowler's stuff at the Civ river where we met Ulyate's second wagon last night. Gobbett took good picture of wagons crossing the drift here. More trouble. Got over it.

March 31st—Kijabe—No time nor opportunity to write since the 28th on account of trekking continuously. Left the Last Water shortly after noon on the 29th. The wagons, Kearton, Gobbett and myself trekked all night. Means with the stray dog caught us up soon after leaving the Last Water, and he, the Colonel and Loveless camped on the road for the night and caught us up after we had outspanned in the Rift Valley (which is part of the Kedong Valley) in the morning on the 30th. On the 30th left the outspanning place shortly after noon and trekked to the Rugged Rocks in the Kedong. Found the valley very dry and scarcely any game. A great change since we were here last. Ulyate hoped to find water in a hole on the mountain side close to the Rugged Rocks. But the water had dried, and after outspanning for two hours we went on again. The Colonel, the two boys and Kearton stayed to spend the night. The Colonel wanted to have a look at the country

around Semals. So we planned that he and one of the boys would ride to Kijabe by way of Semals on the east of the wagon road, while the other with Kearton followed Ulyate's advice and rode for Kijabe across country on the west of the road. Eventually both boys and Kearton took this route. They found lots of game on the side of a volcanic hill, put up two lions and bayed them for a time. There was no chance to do anything else, for there was no water and the rest of the outfit was too far away making for Kijabe as fast as possible to get water for the oxen which had not drunk since leaving the Last Water on the 29th. Also the horses were pretty well done up. The Colonel reported nothing found. The plan now is for most of us to go to Nairobi on tomorrow morning's train, Loveless to see a doctor about his foot, Kearton and Gobbett to develop pictures, some of which are over three weeks undeveloped. Myself to secure additional supplies, etc. The Colonel ought to go in to have his hand looked to, but up to now he refuses. Means' back is hurting him and all the horses and dogs are worn out. We will leave Means here with the horses and dogs, all to rest up. Have kept Ulyate on at 7.50 per day retaining fee. Have not told him about what the boys found to-day to safeguard him against future contingencies. Will take the sick and old porters with us and bring out fresh ones.

April 1st—Nairobi—Reached here at noon. The horse left in quarantine has been discharged and the



one with the sore neck is better. Loveless will inspect them to-morrow. Loveless saw the doctor. His foot is not bad but his hand is. The doctor wants him to stay here till Wednesday, the 6th. Going to try to get him off on Tuesday's train. Ward met us at station. He will send to Kijabe 12 porters on Saturday, the 2nd; and food for horses and men for 10 days on the 4th. Will try to send horses by same train. Both the dogs the Colonel left here have died. Ward is trying to arrange a show for the Duke of Conaught on the 21st. He also wants us to go to Kapiti plains before the rains set in. He thinks we have a fortnight yet to spare. That will just give us time to get well rested, start hunting at Kijabe on the 6th and after a week there, which ought to be sufficient, to go to Kapiti plains before the rains. This provided Loveless can go on the 5th. Ward promises lion on Kapiti plains, but there is horse sickness and ticks there. Kearton's chemicals have not come, must buy some here. Mrs. Kearton wants to go with us. Must try to prevent this without putting Kearton's back up.

April 6th —Black Reef Camp—Trekking out into the Kedong Valley a few miles to a dry camp. Went hunting beyond at the place where the boys and Kearton saw the lions. Loveless nearly got caught by a rhino and had to shoot him. Left him there for bait, also some zebra. Saw some lion tracks. Plan an early start for the morning.

April 7th—Spent the morning hunting. The only



incident of the day being when Kearton and Ulyate, stationed high in the rocks of the ridge, saw a lioness on a far rise. Ulyate notified us in the plain and we tried to hold her up, but she got away. The dogs chased a wild cat and caught it. Planned another early start to-morrow.

April 8th—Started from camp at dawn. Loveless and Means rode away to the south to take up a position near the lower end of the big donga about four miles away to cut off any lion from that retreat. The Colonel went with the dogs to the dead rhino to pick up any trail there. Kearton, Ulyate and myself were stationed high in the rocks of the lava ridge with a glass. If we found a lion with the glasses we would light a fire in the rocks. We were to keep sight of, if possible, both the Colonel and the boys. It was just getting light enough to see about 5:30, when we made out the Colonel approaching the rhino carcass about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles away. He dismounted at the carcass, and presently the trail running at right angles to our line of vision, the dogs made a wide bend toward us and at the end came right along the base of the cliff. Ulyate joined the Colonel and Kearton and I followed with the camera boys. By the time we rounded the next outjutting spur of the cliff the hunt was out of sight. Ulyate's gun bearer struggling up the hillside where it was less steep gave us the direction. At the top we halted. There was nothing to be seen but the lava blocks and scrub, but we could hear the hounds intermingled with the

roar of a lion somewhere. By this time Means and Loveless had come up from the donga. We saw Means making for a further jutty and hurried down the hillside to join him. We had heard two shots fired which means 'gather.' Then Loveless called to us from the rocks above and we left our horses and clambered up on top of the ridge to find a lioness bayed by the dogs and the Colonel, Loveless and Ulyate standing by. Means joined us a minute later. The lava blocks, broken ground, thorn trees and thick scrub made all manoeuvring out of the question. A minute or so later she bolted from that place to a worse place. We worked on her with fire crackers and the dogs and tried to rope her but without success. After a half an hour of this she bolted again to another crevice on the side of the ridge. Again we went to work with crackers, dogs and rope. This place was the end of the lava rock ridge, and the ridge fell away in a series of crevices and lava blocks almost perpendicularly to the plain 150 feet below. It was so steep that only here and there could a horse be led up or down. It was here that two or three of the dogs got badly hurt. From this place she shifted to the plain below, making straight for the big donga about a half a mile away. Kearton's and my horse were in the plain. The Colonel and Loveless jumped on them with the dogs ahead at the lioness' heels. She crouched behind a bush and waited, but the dogs drove her on and she stopped again on the very edge of the donga. Here she stopped to fight. There

was a gully leading down into the donga just here. The cameras went into action across the gully. She charged Means and nearly caught him, and then charged the Colonel and nearly caught him. In both instances the horses after they got started, ran away from her. This performance concluded, she took refuge behind another bush. Means galloped past and roped her round the neck, but her neck was so short that the rope slipped off her head. Loveless tried with the same result. Then she fled into the bottom of the donga and hid under some thick scrub. They set fire to the scrub, set off crackers and dragged the scrub away from her with a forked stick at the end of a rope. At the end of an hour of this Loveless could throw a rope at her. He did so and she charged him and nearly got him, and then ran off down the donga with the hunt in full cry behind. Again she stopped in some tall grass in the very bottom of the lowest ditch. Loveless threw a rope that stuck in the grass over her head and the Colonel rode alongside of the ditch and with a pole shoved the noose down under her chin. She sprang at him, through the noose, and Loveless with the rope over the branch of a tree, hauled taut just in time to catch her by the last hind leg as she went through it. This enabled them to swing her up in the tree, and they tied her and muzzled her and let her rest and brought her into camp on a cradle, first the horses pulling her out of the donga, then the oxen. The dogs were doctored, and one with a broken leg was sent down to

Nairobi. The lioness was chained to a tree outside of camp. Loveless hurt his thumb and Means hurt his back again. Kearton took 900 ft., Gobbett, who arrived from Nairobi toward the end 100, and myself 400. (This lioness was carted to the coast and shipped to New York. It is at this writing still alive and on exhibition in the Bronx Zoological Gardens.)

April 19th—Roped kongoni.\* One kongoni charged Means and got his horse a bad one in the groin. Took him to a vet as soon as possible and had him sewed up. If blood poisoning does not set in he may recover. Fixed up Colonel's passage for 25th and sent wire to Bird. Developing progressing favorably. Deposited four boxes of film, contents unknown.

April 20th—Means' horse doing well. Deposited in bank 7 boxes of film. Sent wire to Bird. Wrote letter to Bird concerning passages.

April 21st—Means' horse taken bad. The chances of his living very small.

April 22nd—Received and sent cables to Bird concerning article. Telegraphed in K's name to Cole concerning horses. Sat up last night with Means' horse.

April 23rd—Busy with general affairs and Means' horse all day. Kearton's horse has got tick fever. Sent vet to attend to him. Received cable from Bird concerning authority.

April 24th—Saw Colonel off on train for Mombasa. Means' horse doing well. Kearton's about the

\* Kongoni—Swahili name for hartebeest.

same. "Dollar" reported having tick fever and all right this evening.

April 25th—Loveless and Means left today to catch French steamer at Mombasa Thursday. Sold Means' horse for 25 pounds to Capt. Ward. Finished up the work on the films, took the boxes out of the bank, and repacked the films in my uniform case. There are 42 tins in all, 11 A and 31 B, totalling approximately 9015 feet. Sent wire to Bird on transportation of films and shipping of lioness. Received note from Fowler. Let Means have one of the new saddles in place of his old one which he strained in the rhino fight.

April 26th—Deposited in bank 42 tins of films, 31 B, 11 A, in my uniform box. Kearton and Gobbett left for their lion spearing. Visited the horses at Elkinton's and K's horse doing nicely and the rest all right. Brought some of the equipment to Nairobi to-day.

"None of Skipper Scull's many adventures could have been better designed to bring out his many peculiar and admirable characteristics than that with Buffalo Jones," writes one of the promoters of this trip. "I had often heard of Scull but never met him until we planned to go to British East Africa together. It was one day in December, 1909, just after my brother and I had decided to go to Africa on a hunting trip, that Mr. Charles Sumner Bird of Boston walked into my office in New York and began to talk about 'Buffalo Jones' and his ambitions to try



the same methods on big game in Africa that he had used on the western plains and in California. Mr. Bird declared he was prepared to finance Colonel Jones if I would take charge of the party. This I declined to do but suggested that I help organize the expedition and get it started for Nairobi and that Mr. Bird have some one else to whom I could there turn over the entire command and then I could devote myself to a trip already planned with my brother. In a day or two Mr. Bird called again and said that he had seen Guy Scull and that he had consented to go under the conditions. The choice of Scull was most fortunate. In fact the project would have failed entirely but for his patience, courage and tenacity. I do not know anyone who would have carried it off quite as well as he did.

"The 'Skipper's' character was well illustrated by the kit with which he started; one small valise for a six months' trip to the Equator was all he needed, for beside the thin grey suit and the overcoat he wore on leaving New York, he took only a pair of old khaki breeches, an army shirt, a heavy pair of shoes, a few collars, a very small supply of linen, a razor and the inevitable tooth brush. I don't remember seeing a hair brush, though I believe he did have a comb somewhere in the kit. Certainly no one ever cultivated more successfully the art of traveling light.

"Another characteristic became evident at once. He had the journalistic point of view. For years I



had been reading about African game and shooting and took with me several books on the subject as well as a Swahili phrase-book and dictionary. The Skipper scorned all this literature and did not open a book all the way out. His explanation was that he wanted to have an absolutely open mind and to form his own impressions.

"Early in the trip it became evident that the Skipper had an inexhaustible capacity for silence and a dry but never failing sense of humour, coupled with a contempt for all conventions and a bulldog determination to carry through anything he started out to do.

"I used to study his face carefully in those and later hours that we spent together. The tense, almost tortured expression of it interested me tremendously. I had the baffling feeling that I had seen that face somewhere else, but could not tell where. One day it flashed across me that there was an extraordinary likeness to the face of Dante, particularly as we know it in that well-known bronze bust so often reproduced. I wonder if others of his friends have noticed that likeness or was it just a freak of my fancy and imagination? The shape of the head was much the same, the same forehead, nose and high cheeks. The same arched eyebrows and the same expression of eyes and mouth. They had both been through 'Inferno' and both showed it.

"But the Skipper did not always look as solemn as Dante. An expedition so fantastic as ours had

its many funny moments, most of them utterly lost on the Colonel, but always appreciated to the full by the Skipper. I remember one day in London when we were collecting equipment we had taken the Colonel into an iron mongers to buy some chains, etc. The old man was more than usually erratic that day. Suddenly he flew into a sort of inspired rage and began shouting at the proprietor that he must have an enormous pair of iron tongs made so that their ends would form, when closed, a circular band some six or eight inches in diameter.

“‘What do you want to do with them, Sir?’ said the puzzled shopkeeper.

“‘I want to muzzle lions with them,’ said the Colonel.

“Imagine the picture. I looked over at the Skipper whose face was a study. He gave the old man one look, drew back his lips on one side and said so plainly without words, ‘What the hell is the old guy going to say next!’ In fact the Skipper could say more without uttering a word than any man I ever met.

“The Skipper was exceedingly patient with the Colonel who grew more and more difficult as the expedition progressed. I never saw him lose his temper under any provocation. Yet he never failed to give his opinion bluntly and decidedly whenever it was necessary.

“On the steamer from Marseilles to Mombasa the Skipper and I shared a stateroom. I remember how

very early every morning I could hear him crawl out of his berth, and then his spare figure would move quietly across the room, and having found a cigarette, he would steal back to bed and to the smoke which he enjoyed most of all the day.

"He was a delightful traveling companion, silent but sympathetic, undemonstrative but likable in the extreme. In the weeks we spent together we got to know each other well. I formed a great affection for him and did not hesitate to let him know it. He in his way liked me, I think, but it was characteristic of him never to show it by words.

"At Nairobi many complications arose with discouraging treachery on the part of some of our men, and many minor difficulties about the equipment. The Skipper was always on the job, always patient, always resourceful. However, it was when the outfit got really away into the back country and things began to happen thick and fast; when the Colonel's temper broke down under the tropical conditions and his vagaries grew more and more exasperating, that the Skipper showed to best advantage.

"Always indifferent to his personal appearance he never showed lack of interest in what was going on and always managed to do or say the right thing in the trying moments. When he left the railway he had adopted a brown topi helmet as headgear. His khaki shirt, army breeches and heavy shoes made up the rest of his kit. He used to wear the helmet at a characteristic angle, and seldom if ever wore any

leggings. The breeches were usually unbuttoned below the knees, and gave him a casual air that helped to make many a difficult situation laughable rather than serious. On the hottest day he looked perfectly cool and in the cool of the early morning camp breakfast, he used to look almost blue. Huddling his shoulders he would stamp around the camp beating his arms as though it were a March morning at home.

"His silence was still his outstanding characteristic of manner, but whenever he spoke he always had something pithy to say.

"His observations on women were always amusing. Of the average woman he had a rather low opinion. 'Women is queer,' was his way of summing it all up.

"The success of the 'Buffalo Jones' outfit in roping and photographing lion, rhino and other less important game is well known. In my opinion the Skipper has never been given half enough credit for his share in their success. With anyone else in charge I don't know how the outfit would have stayed together a week. It was characteristic of him to finish the job and then say nothing about it.

"I am glad of this chance to pay him a tribute of respect and affection. He was very much of a man."



1910





## CHAPTER XIV

### MEXICAN BORDER—1910

THERE is a world of trouble in a line one thousand miles long, especially when this line is a government border and that border happens to be the Rio Grande. Scull just naturally drifted to this trouble zone. He arrived strangely enough when the Diaz-Madero revolution was smouldering on one side of the line and on the other Mexican and American gun-runners, farmers, cattlemen, settlers, soldiers and contractors' agents waiting feverishly for someone to touch a match to the bonfire. How Scull got a commission in the Department of Justice and drew this particular assignment none of his friends seem to know. He landed down there, however, early in 1910, and worked in his inconspicuous manner up and down the line for upwards of two years. The only reference to any part of this chapter of his life among his papers is a set of correspondence with his superiors at Washington protesting with his usual perseverance against the official red tape that compelled revealing the identity and activities of his men by making them itemize their expense accounts. Copies of his reports, his journal and his note-books he either destroyed or turned in to the Government. When the revolution temporarily subsided, things be-

came too quiet for him and he resigned and came North again.

But it is easy for us to imagine this angular, grim, silent man mixing incognito in the conspiracies hatched in the border towns; frequenting the resorts of the rough characters who gathered there; making friends with Mexican and American outlaws, riding post in cold rainy nights or baking hot days. This was the big game he liked so well, matching his brains against the sharp wits of the runners of contraband; bluffing a lone hand against a pack. It is more difficult to imagine the mild-mannered Skipper pulling a gun, but those who have seen Scull toggged out in a flannel shirt, khaki trousers, and a slouch hat know how well he could make up and play the part.

They tell a story on Scull at the Harvard Club that is no doubt true but I cannot vouch for it because no one seems to know its origin, yet it sounds plausible for the very reason that it is a desperate adventure set in comedy, and the Skipper was at his best when drawing a picture of grim humor.

It seems that when Scull first arrived on the scene he worked alone; for one reason because he preferred to, and for another that it was difficult for a stranger to get any assistants on whom he could absolutely depend in a pinch. So when a certain "bad man" from Mexico "sloaped" over the border and secretly began outfitting a pack train for toting arms and ammunition across the Rio Grande, the Skipper

had to do his own "tailing," work out his own plans and make his own capture. This "bad man" openly sported a gun with many notches on its handle. He was known as a "killer" and let severely alone. He was, moreover, a fast worker and soon had his expedition organized. Scull too late realized that he couldn't stop him single-handed. The assistance he wired for either didn't come or he could not raise a local force quick enough, because one dark night the "bad man" pulled his freight and the Skipper barely had time to press into instant service a couple of local Government men, saddle up, and take it on the jump across country to try and intercept his quarry on the road. He succeeded in getting between the pack train and the river, posted his men on either side of the trail and waited. Soon up came the gun-runners, with the "bad man" riding at the head of the column. Scull pulled his horse across the trail, threw his gun on the Mexican and yelled for him to throw up his hands.

"I yelled so goshdarned loud," the Skipper is said to have told the story, "that I must have scared the whole party, for not only his Greaser friends unanimously turned and beat it back to town, but my two men also, and there we two sat—the 'bad man' with his hands pointing straight up to Heaven; me pointing the gun and shaking like I had the palsy. But he kept his hands up, all right, and I frisked him for his artillery. Then I told him to take his hands down. Nothing doing.

"'Drop' em, Pronto!" I yelled.

"He only stuck 'em up the higher. I shoved my gun in the holster and made signs for him to drop 'em, but he only shook his head, and darn me if I didn't have to reach up and pull 'em down. The 'bad man' was shaking worse than I was."

With the increasing activity up and down the line, Government interest became more and more centered in this section and Scull's independent command, much to his disgust, was taken over by a superior who suddenly turned up one day in the person of Marshall Eberstein, an old Secret Service man and a character.

This man, now the Chief of Police of Omaha, Nebraska, had worked four years under Chief John E. Wilkie of the Secret Service before being transferred to the new Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, organized by Stanley W. Finch in 1908, and assigned as Chief of the Chicago Division. Eberstein and Scull eventually became warm friends, but according to the former, the Skipper at first openly resented his assumption of authority in what Scull proudly called his own little job.

Eberstein was in Chicago when he received a wire from Chief Finch at El Paso to report immediately at San Antonio to take charge of the Bureau of Texas. Eberstein duly arrived and wired Finch for further orders. Finch replied that it was necessary to have an experienced man on the job at "San Antone" where one Guy Hamilton Scull was tem-

porarily in charge, and to go there and take over the office. This peremptory order was what offended Scull. Nevertheless Eberstein went straight to the Federal Building in "San Antone" and introduced himself.

"I recall Scull," he writes, "as a striking looking figure with light hair, cut pompadour (it probably was one of the Skipper's skin-tight haircuts), light blue eyes, and very much surprised and disappointed to see me. His sleeves were rolled up to the elbow and he was writing notes in a little personal book. He informed me in no uncertain manner that he had come to 'San Antone' with Chief Finch from Washington, D. C., with the understanding that he was to be left in charge of Texas during the Mexican trouble. I found Mr. Scull, however, a gentleman, polished and well educated, and after explaining to him, to the best of my ability, why the Government saw fit to make such changes at times, I requested him to stay on the job until the trouble in Mexico was over.

"He thought the matter over for two or three days—during which time I entertained him on one or two occasions with dinner parties—and made up his mind to remain with me.

"All this, of course, is just a preliminary, leading up to my acquaintance with Mr. Scull.

"Mr. Scull was always ready and willing when I gave him an order to go to any part of the country on Government work and do the best he could. In addition to the report he furnished the Department, I



noticed that he always kept a personal note-book on hand, and as far as I know, no one else ever saw it. If that book could be secured today, I have no doubt but what it would be very valuable to his friends, but of course I do not know where it could be found. (This book, like all other Government or State confidential documents, Scull never showed to anyone save his superiors.)

"On one occasion I detailed Mr. Scull to proceed to some distant part of the border, where it would be necessary for him to remain two or three weeks. On his return he came into my office in San Antonio and told me, in a very modest way, that he had been stopping at the St. Anthony Hotel, and that when he had left on his last detail, he had forgotten to check out of the hotel. Now the landlord had held him for the full amount of the bill, something like \$3 or \$4 a day. I remarked that I thought that kind of a room was most too good a room for a special agent to use (for his salary was, I think, \$4 or \$5 per day, and subsistence, which of course, including meals and room rent, was not supposed to exceed \$4 per day). He only answered that he always liked to stay in a good room. I mention this incident, for I want you to see later how it came out. I told Mr. Scull that I, too, was stopping at the St. Anthony and knew Swearington, the landlord, and would see what I could do for him. Mr. Swearington kindly consented to split the bill, so Scull only had to pay half price while he was away.



"Some time about March or April, 1911, information came to me that at Sanderson, Texas, a young army was forming for the purpose of crossing the Rio Grande River into Mexico and fighting the Diaz Government. I immediately wrote the Department at Washington, giving them this information, and as it was my duty to detect and bring to justice violators of the neutrality laws, I directed Mr. Scull and another agent, Clyatt, whose home at that time was Lakeland, Florida, to dress in old clothes and proceed to Sanderson, where they were to join this young army, and keep me advised on what was doing. They did so, and I soon learned the information was correct, and that this army would probably be ready in a few days to invade Mexico.

"Scull and Clyatt were instructed to write me no letters, but to send everything by wire, using the Department code for that purpose, which they did faithfully and regularly, working their way to different stations on the Southern Pacific line in order to do so. These cipher telegrams were absolutely unreadable to anyone not having the code.

"This attracted the attention of one Robert Dow, who at that time was Collector of Customs at Eagle Pass, Texas. Previous to our coming, he had been given, more or less, full charge in handling neutrality matters, and the telegrams being sent to me at 'San Antone' aroused his jealousy to such an extent that he wrote me a letter, informing me that he had reasons to believe I had two men at Sanderson and other

points, who were interfering with his business, and that in the future he wanted all my men (including myself) to report to him daily on what I was doing along the border. I paid no attention to this letter except to incorporate it in my daily report to Washington, D. C., for that day.

"Five or six days later came another letter from him, demanding that myself and my men report immediately to him, daily, as to what we were doing. I paid no attention to this second communication except to do with it as I did with the first, incorporate it, without comment, in my report to Washington for that day.

"In the meantime, Dow had used every effort to ascertain from Scull and Clyatt what they were doing, but of course learned nothing. About two weeks following the receipt of the last letter, Mr. Dow was announced in my outer office. On being admitted, he proceeded to ask my most humble apology, not only mine, but of Mr. Scull and Mr. Clyett for the action he had taken in the matter. I take it he had heard something from Washington.

"About this time, things began taking definite shape at Sanderson so I went to the General in command of the United States army at Fort Sam Houston and told him what was going on at Sanderson; that I expected any day the expedition to start to Mexico, and asked for soldiers to assist in capturing them when they started toward the Rio Grande River. The General himself was a very pleasant

agreeable man, as most of those men are. After giving him the details he immediately called one of his officers at Eagle Pass, and instructed him to arrange with the Southern Pacific R. R. Company to keep an engine steamed up with two or three coaches on the track at Eagle Pass, subject to his (the General's) orders. He told me that when I was ready for action to let him know.

"The matter ran along for several days after that as no one on the border is ever in a hurry, and I began to get nervous, fearing I had been in too big a hurry in going to the General. However, in about two weeks I received a cipher telegram, one morning, from the boys, saying that the expedition would move that night toward the river. I immediately went to Camp Sam Houston, informed the General, and he directed the officers at Eagle Pass to take forty or fifty men, board the special train, detrain six miles east of Sanderson, detour between there and the river, and capture the expedition.

"This programme was successfully carried out and at 11 o'clock that night they captured the entire expedition a short distance from the river; something like 150 men, 200 or 300 rifles, 100 side arms, 350,000 rounds of ammunition, tents, hospital supplies and the officers. Not a single man escaped. We even captured Scull and Clyatt!

"The entire expedition was brought in on the special train, the prisoners being left at Eagle Pass, where they necessarily would have a hearing before

the U. S. Commissioner. A few days later the captured paraphernalia was brought to San Antonio and stored in the Federal Building. I, of course, notified Chief Finch, who in turn notified Attorney General Wickersham, who personally sent us a telegram of congratulation for the splendid work done in this case, and for which all credit was due to Scull and Clyatt, and the splendid co-operation of the United States army.

"About a week or ten days later, I received a telephone call from the landlord of the Menger Hotel, telling me that there was a delegation of gentlemen there who would like to see me at the hotel. A short time later I called at the hotel and was confronted by a coterie of war correspondents, among them Ritchie of the New York Sun, Jimmie Hare of Collier's Weekly, and others whose names I do not recall. Mr. Ritchie acted as spokesman, and began by asking me if Guy Scull worked for me. I replied that he did not. He was working for the U. S. Government under my direction. Ritchie then asked me if I knew anything of Scull's past record. I told them I knew nothing whatever of his record before he entered the service of the Government. They inquired his part in the recent job at Sanderson, and I replied that he was the leading spirit. Ritchie then proceeded to tell me a few things about Scull. He certainly did spin a yarn. I remember only part of it, but it left me flabbergasted. He said Scull had been a war correspondent for one of the New York papers, and that he was

with him all through the Russian-Japanese War. He and Scull had laid in a trench for twenty-four hours, with both the Russians and Japanese shooting over their heads. He told me that at one time Scull had fitted out some sort of an expedition at New York to go to some remote part of the world hunting buried treasures. Further, that Scull was a millionaire in his own right, and was a member of the Harvard Club in New York!

“(I remember distinctly this talk, as it cost me something like \$5 in drinks at the bar in the Menger Hotel.)

“A day or two later I called Mr. Scull in my private office and informed him that the next time he left the St. Anthony without settling his bill, he should call the Harvard Club and have them stand good for it, and not bother me in the future with such minor things as that. His reply was a mighty sheepish grin.

“He left the service a short time after this incident, and the next time I heard from him he was in New York, doing great work with the Police Department.

“During the time we were at San Antonio, and since then, we have been fast friends, and I am sorry, indeed, to learn of his death.”

One of the newspaper correspondents mentioned by Marshall Eberstein writes of a passing incident in the border life of the Skipper. The town was Laredo, Texas. The month was May, Madero's



revolution in full bloom across the line in Chihuahua, and Laredo, the center of gun and ammunition traffic from Brownsville west to Eagle Pass. He describes it thus:

“‘Come in here and get a drink,’ Scull invited me one night after we’d palled around together for a week. ‘Not that I need the drink very badly, but the head of the gun runners is due to be in town tonight and this is his hangout.’ He turned into a very disreputable joint wherein a dozen or so Mexicans were seated about tables opposite the bar. We stood alone at the bar over our drinks.

“‘Look in the mirror,’ Scull said in a low voice, nodding slightly at the heavy bar mirror opposite. ‘My man is the heavy fellow with the walrus moustache sitting facing us.’

“‘I was just doing so when I caught the flicker of something, heard a crash of glass and felt Scull bound away from me! A ten-inch dirk was quivering in the wooden backing of the mirror—Guy afterwards said he’d felt the wind of it between our two heads. Almost before I could turn to find Scull, he had the nippers on his man and was taking him out from the bunch of Mexicans, through the streets to the jail. When I saw him later, he said:

“‘Guess I’ll have to begin packing a gun after this. This knife throwing isn’t clubby.’”



## CHAPTER XV

### NICARAGUA—1912

THE State Department at Washington, D. C., was responsible for Scull going to Nicaragua in 1912. This Latin American Republic must have been either passing through or just emerging from a periodic epidemic of political eruptions because its police efficiency was at a very low ebb and it had sent in a hurry call to Washington for advice and assistance. Who Scull's friend was in the State Department that suggested his name does not appear, but he was the man recommended to go down there and straighten things out. The position of Inspector General and Instructor of Police was accordingly formally offered and accepted and Scull departed South all in less time almost than it takes to tell. He left New York on January 25th and on February 3rd wrote from the City of Managua that he had arrived, had two talks with the President, had taken over the job and was established in his office. These facts are stated in so many lines in a letter home, the terse message concluding with the sentence: "The task seems hopeless but interesting."

Picture Scull in this Latin American capital with

not a friend within a thousand miles and surrounded by an entirely new brand of politicians, conspirators, revolutionists, guerillas and what not; with no one with whom to advise, not even a friendly adjutant general or secretary, and with nothing but the verbal word of the republic's Chief Executive that he would be supported in everything he undertook.

I have never been in Nicaragua but from photographs and descriptions of native types I do not think that they offer very satisfactory material for the making of policemen. Nevertheless it was Scull's job to shake up the existing constabulary, draw up plans for a new organization, establish rules and regulations, uniform and equip the force and then police the country as it should be policed. Few wonder that the Skipper added that last line to his letter: "A hopeless task but interesting." It proved to be all of that.

Scull lost no time in getting started on his new job. He wrote himself, in long hand, the whole manuscript of the new police book, including specifications for uniform and equipment. This manuscript he for some reason preserved. It is a thick sheaf of closely written papers evidence in itself of long hours of hard labor, thought and study. On March 3rd, about a month after his arrival, he wrote his mother that he had begun to see light ahead and that once he could get his "Three Platoon System" started he would have made real progress. This "Three Platoon System" he had modeled after the one in effect

in the New York Police Department, borrowing some ideas from it and adding many of his own. He had immense faith in it. He confessed to his mother that while he saw confusion for a while in starting the plan yet he was convinced that he could pull it through safely even if he had to do it alone.

At the time of this writing he was taking a detail of his new force down to the seaport city of Corinto on March 5th to meet the U. S. Secretary of State, the Hon. Philander C. Knox, and party on its way to pay an official visit to the Nicaraguan capital. Scull writes that he and his policemen were to act as an escort of honor to the Secretary while he traveled and sojourned in that country. Scull later told a friend he had never in his life, either before or after, so much admired anything bearing the brand of the U. S. A., Secretary Knox included, as he did that Marine Guard which came ashore with the Secretary and officially turned him over to the Inspector General and his raw Nicaraguan police. Scull said that the superb bearing of these men, their cleanliness, simplicity and smartness, all in such contrast to the force he had mustered, made him feel utterly incompetent and small. However, he added that he had thanked his Maker for having such a model to hold up to his men and tried to forget his troubles in the effort to make them make the most of their opportunity.

The Inspector General and his police detail stuck to the official party day and night while the Ameri-

cans were in that country. The Latin-American Republic knew the explosive nature of its citizens and was not taking any chances with their starting any demonstration. It is not difficult to picture the figure of Scull on duty. We see this tall, spare figure in white uniform, sleeves rolled up, wide sombrero, gun on his hip, straddling a cartridge box or machine gun on an armored flat car pushed by a pilot engine ahead of the special train carrying the distinguished visitors across the country, or prowling about at all hours night and day, inspecting his policemen posted as sentries, ragging this one for some dereliction of duty, praising that one, giving a word of advice here, of caution there, taking the whole job on his own shoulders and trusting no one. It must have been a great relief to him when, after a round of formal State conferences and receptions, the Americans went aboard their ship and sailed for home. For go they finally did, and left the Skipper alone to wrestle with his own problems.

By this time his police organization had been completed; the force equipped and at work. And no sooner was it in the field than the Nicaraguans realized that someone with authority was enforcing the laws. The representatives of the law ceased to wink at violations. No longer was it possible to "sugar" the local *gendarmes*. In the words of the local politicians, "ze friendly advance gets ze cold marble heart." These new politicians would not trade. They would not buy or sell nor even compromise.

Scull cleaned the capital of rowdies and hangers-on. The district revolutionary chiefs who in our country would occupy the position of ward leader or possibly local alderman, came to the Inspector General remonstrating. We can see this dark-skinned excitable little man, rolling forth a flood of Spanish, talking with eyes, shoulders and hands, to a grim figure facing him with folded arms, cold, impassable, silent.

The new Inspector General chased the confidence men away from the capital. He cleaned up the town of guerillas and petty hold-up men and then went after the gun-runners, smugglers and revolutionary agents. He was treading on profitable business here. Planning revolutions and supplying them with food, ammunition and uniforms had been a respectable business in these countries for years, and when policemen went about politely notifying citizens to close up shop in these activities there was consternation multiplied by indignation. There were meetings on street corners and meetings in secret. Delegations of dignified senors visited the office of the Inspector General, protesting in the interests of their constituents. There were more excited conversations in passionate Spanish, with eyebrow and shoulder obligato, more wiggling of arms and fingers, through all of which one can see the placid Scull and his beautiful mask of a face waiting patiently and then, when they had finished, remarking laconically, "Nothing doing," or, reaching across the desk and



showing them a marked paragraph in his new regulations, drawl:

"Take it home and read it to the family," or words to that effect.

Then the delegations departed, swearing in all sorts of strange Spanish phrases.

So far the government had backed him up. His officers and men, timid at first and doubting if this tall, silent chief could do everything he was attempting, gradually took courage as Scull progressed. His work began to show results. He had so far received obedience through stiff discipline but when it became apparent that the local politicians could not touch their chief, his policemen gave him loyal support with everything they had. He was building up a morale and a certain *esprit de corps* when he decided to go after the gambling houses.

He "got" most of the little fellows with ease and rapidity although he went after them all, big as well as little, without respect or favor. Then, the story goes, he discovered that what had appeared to be a popular place of amusement and entertainment was in reality a wide-open sporting establishment, operated in open defiance of both the law and himself. Continuing the story, it is related that he first tried persuasion and friendly advice and that he was laughed at for his pains. So he issued a formal order to the proprietor to close up or suffer the consequences. No attention was paid to this. Whereupon the soft-voiced Scull paid a visit in person to the



establishment and politely informed the Senor in charge that if the place was not shut tight within twenty-four hours he would be obliged to close it for him, adding that he did not wish to be obliged to use force because force usually made a mess of beautiful things. At the end of twenty-four hours the house was going wide open and full blast.

So without any more "how do you do's," or "by your leave," or "Gratios, Senor's," Scull pulled a police raid. They say it was a regular, old-time, crashing, smashing descent and that New York City never witnessed anything more spectacular in the days of Jerome and the palatial Canfield's. The Nicaraguan capital was aghast. A sporting establishment which had flourished through so many different administrations and had survived so many attempts to shut it up was suddenly and unceremoniously tossed into the middle of the Plaza and its doors locked and sealed!

The next day Scull was asked to resign. He received a vote of thanks from the government and many verbal bouquets, and an engrossed letter, but he wasn't wanted in that country. The proprietor of the sporting house was, it seems, "a friend of a friend of a friend" of "the man higher up" which meant in the New York vernacular that "somebody was getting his" and that the Skipper had killed the hen that laid the golden egg. Thus Scull's career as a Central American dictator ended as suddenly as it began, and I think I can easily imagine his thoughts

as he watched the skyline of Nicaragua drop below the horizon and disappear in the trailing smoke of the northbound steamship carrying him home. Was there so much difference between the Latin American and the New Yorker after all?

## CHAPTER XVI

### NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT 1914-1917

THE man who knew Scull best of all was Arthur Woods, his police chief in the Bingham administration when Woods was a deputy, and again in the Mitchell administration when Woods was the Police Commissioner.

"He's boss," said Scull, on my first day at Headquarters, pointing through the open door from his desk towards Commissioner Woods' desk, "because *he's there!*" tapping his forehead with one long finger. "He'll do all the *thinking*. You *do* what *he says*."

Scull had been promoted from Secretary to Deputy Commissioner and I appointed as his successor. The above were his first instructions, and his last were: "What you hear, remember, but don't repeat. From now on you're a dummy."

Since then I've been with both of them for hours at a time and never heard "Skip" say a word save in answer to a question. The question was usually a hard one and the answer short and full of meat. If Scull had nothing to offer he shook his head and said nothing. He never tried to bluff. He never talked around a subject. He went directly at it. After he

was made a deputy he opened up more and talked more. Scull had a mind that was clean, clear, intensely human and the Boss never failed to make use of it. Distinctly different in manner, tastes, habits and inclinations they were together instantly when a problem arose and their minds usually reached similar conclusions although through entirely different channels.

"Detective work had a fascination for Guy Scull," writes Arthur Woods. "He was interested in most of the many different phases of police work, but nothing absorbed him like trying to pick up the trail in an intricate murder case. He looked the part, too. His clearly chiseled features, 'his tragic face,' as a friend of ours put it, his emphatic silence and reserve, all reminded one of the detective in print.

"He rather puzzled the old-line New York detectives when he came into the Police Department in December, 1908. His title was Secretary to a Deputy Commissioner, but his authority was far greater than this title would indicate, for he was practically in charge of certain parts of the work. He quickly got into personal touch with the men. There was no ceremony about him, no formality, but intense interest, rare human understanding, a quiet, unassertive dignity, and a very evident reserve of fortitude and capability. This was a somewhat novel kind of boss for the men. They were not unused to the blustering boss, they had had experience with smooth talkers, with boasters, with self-seekers, but this quiet

man, listening rather than talking, drawing them out rather than admonishing them, asking their suggestions, stimulating their ideas, helping them over difficult places, was an unwonted phenomenon in Mulberry Street. Some of the detectives who had been long in the business, and were used to the Tammany days, probably never did make him out. They scratched their heads in despair, trying to discover "what he was after," for it never occurred to the political policeman that he was after nothing except the chance to do his work well.

"Jacob Riis used to tell a story about the uneasiness created in Tammany by an honest and able public servant. They couldn't make out what his graft was, and they worried lest he had discovered some source of improper gain as yet unknown to them!

"All but a few detectives, however, soon grew to know and understand Scull, and their personal loyalty to him was genuine and strong. He never shirked, either physically or mentally, he was always ready to help, he never evaded responsibility. I don't believe he was ever unfair to a detective, and his power of handling men and spurring them on to their best efforts was such that he seldom had to resort to discipline. He worked with his men and they worked hard with him, and for him. His best work and the work he enjoyed most was done with small squads, where his personality could be felt and where he could grow to know the men intimately. I think he never enjoyed his later work in charge of the Bureau as much as these

early days when he was so close to the work and to the men.

"When he became Deputy Commissioner in charge of the Detective Bureau he had had many months of this invaluable experience. He had learned by personal experience what manner of life a New York detective leads, what risks he runs, what temptations he must meet, what puzzling problems he must solve, often without a moment for deliberation. As a result of this, the question that stayed uppermost in his mind was, how could he best help the men who were doing the work? What could he do, as Head of the Bureau, to improve their skill, to lessen their hardships, to fortify their zeal?

"Were detectives born or made? He would often discuss this, and came to a characteristically practical working conclusion. Some men were more likely to make good detectives than others; the thing to do in picking men for the Bureau was to take the most promising, and try them out. Results would tell. Some would be better than others, but even those predestined to excel as sleuths could be helped, so why bother as to this 'born or made business'—just take them all as they were and do what you could to improve and support their work. Hunt for native ability, and then help it along.

"Scull's training school for detectives was about as practical an affair as could be imagined. It grew out of the requirements of the work. It tried to supply what experience had repeatedly shown was





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needed, and to supply it in such a way that it could be readily grasped by the men. For example, a prevailing difficulty in all police and detective work is to get good descriptions of people. The power of observation in most of us doesn't seem to be highly developed, and what there is of it seems to be seldom used. We are not in the habit of close and accurate observation. When it comes to giving a description of a person we find that we have not observed the person closely enough to be able to arrive at a description which will be specific enough to enable someone else to identify that person.

"Scull, in talking to a class in the Detective's School about this, spoke of the difficulty, and went on: 'You will often get such a description as this—'Man, 27 years, 150 pounds, 5 feet 7 inches, dark complexion, wearing blue suit, black derby hat.'" As you men will readily see, this description will probably fit several thousand men in this city. However, it is the best description that the person giving it can make at the time because he has not trained himself to observe the appearance of people, and is just making up the description from a hazy impression he received. If you practise making mental notes of the appearance of people in the streets, I think you will very soon find that you will get into the habit of taking in at a glance the essential and distinguishing features of a person's appearance, so that it will become perfectly natural for you to be able to give a definite description of a person. You will know, for

instance, the general make-up of his face, what sort of expression he has, is he pale or does he look as though he had been in the open air a lot, is he of the working-man type, the clerk type, professional man type, whether his clothing looks new and prosperous, or shabby, whether he has any scars on his face, any peculiarities about his eyes, or about any other feature, any distinctive way of carrying himself, or moving hands or feet or arms, in short, anything unusual that would tend to distinguish him from other people.'

"The instruction in this Training School was all of a practical nature, given with the object of filling the needs of the actual men who were at that time engaged in the actual work of detecting crime in New York City. If there was anything that Scull abhorred it was unpractical, theoretical ways of going at things, that did not take into account things as they were.

"One of the classes of crime to which Scull gave most time and thought was murders. Here, as in his efforts to help men through the Training School, he worked in a practical way. He tried to pick for homicide work those detectives who showed the best results at it, and his arrangements were such that a squad of detectives working on murders was relieved from other work, so that they could put their whole thought and time on running down murderers. A great deal depends in such cases as these on what happens in the first half hour after the murder is committed. The trail is then piping hot, and many

clues are perceptible which cool off as the minutes wear on. A detective has to work fast and largely by instinct during these first few precious minutes and hours. It was found, however, that sometimes a detective whose instincts and methods were sound and prompt, failed because he did not have immediately at hand the proper equipment. To correct this the scheme was worked out of having a murder kit available at all times; it contained the following articles:

Complete fingerprint outfit

Searchlight

Steel tape measure

Paper

Envelopes

Sealing wax

Twine

Tags

Small box of tools

Soap and towel

Stenographer's note-book

Rubber gloves

Bottle of antiseptic wash

Saw

Screwdriver

File

Pincers

Scissors

Jimmy

"As I remember it, the contents of this kit were determined on at conferences in which Scull and Frank Lord, another Deputy Commissioner, were the principal actors. There was no need of discussion as to what articles should be put in; detectives told what they had needed in times past and had been unable to get, and these things made up the murder kit. It was also arranged so that at all hours of the day and night a stenographer and a photographer were on hand to go at once with the murder squad, ready to do their part.

"One day Scull felt, I remember, that he had been prevented from following out a promising lead because of the fact that he didn't have a doctor at hand. From then on he arranged so that one of two doctors, who were keen on the work and very competent, should be available by telephone at any time, and their work after that often showed excellent results.

"In Scull's notes of talks to detectives, he lays careful and characteristic emphasis upon the working together between the coroner's physician, who of course had the right to examine the body, and the detective. 'The detective should always keep in mind,' he pointed out, 'that the doctor is going to examine the body from the doctor's point of view and not from the detective's point of view. His report will undoubtedly contain some very valuable information concerning the state of the body from a medical point of view, but will leave untold much more valuable information regarding the crime from



the detective's point of view. The detective should ask the doctor questions and draw from him the information which is important to him. No doubt the doctor would be perfectly willing to give this information in the first place; the trouble is he doesn't know what the detective wants. For instance, the doctor will report that the man was killed by being struck on the head by some blunt instrument, and will then probably reel off a string of long Latin names, telling exactly what the blow did to the victim. Now what the detective wants to know is what kind of blunt instrument it was. Was it made of some hard material, such as steel, or of soft material, such as wood? Was the blow struck by a right-handed or a left-handed person? Was it struck from behind or in front? Was there anything about the wound to indicate that the blow was struck by a weak person, such as a woman, or was unusual force required.'

"In his work on murders and in trying to help detectives to solve them, the same characteristics showed as were evident in Scull's other work—a rare combination of plain common sense and of expert method, and a happy faculty of being able to apply each in the proper place and at the proper time, and of helping others also to learn how to do this.

"Probably Scull's greatest work was in connection with the war. The trouble began in Europe in August, 1914. During the early days of the month a squad was instituted under the command of Inspector Thomas J. Tunney, and it was soon put under

the supervision of Deputy Commissioner Scull. The object of this squad was to do such detective work as might be necessary to maintain the neutrality of the United States. Although city police forces did not usually take it upon themselves to do such distinctively federal work, we felt this was necessary because of the commanding position of New York City as the greatest city and the greatest harbor in the country, containing so many thousands of people of different nationalities, and because the Federal intelligence forces were weak. They had been organized and developed with no thought of such a thing as a world war. It had been only a few years ago that Congress clipped the wings of the Secret Service force of the Treasury Department and confined its activities, if I remember rightly, to counterfeiting, smuggling, and guarding the person of the President. It was reported, doubtless only by irresponsible persons, that Congress did this because it had a feeling that the President possibly had used or might be tempted to use members of the Secret Service force to investigate members of Congress!

"In an astonishingly short length of time it was found out that the Germans were actively at work trying to prevent the shipment of supplies and munitions from America to the Allies. There were two principal methods, destruction and industrial impotency.

"Scull's squad found plots to destroy factories, to blow up trains, to sink ships. The stories of some of

the spectacular cases that resulted from this work have been told, but they don't begin to show the incessant, resourceful, keen-witted attention that was given to this phase of his work by Scull.

"It was found also that attempts were being made to paralyze factories where munitions or supplies for foreign governments were being made, by means of strikes or sabotage, and by spreading among the workmen the fear that incendiarism and explosions were imminent at their plants. This sort of thing when discovered by the neutrality squad would be taken up in whatever way seemed likely to bring most success. Scull worked more and more with the rest of the Department, with other Departments, and with the growing intelligence organizations of the National government.

"When America went to war the character of the work of this squad changed into counter-spy work, which was not so different after all, since it was carried on by the same organization which had previously been doing the war work in violation of our neutrality.

"Perhaps the most marked characteristic of Scull's was his straightforwardness. There was never a suspicion that he was anything but what he seemed, or had any object but what he professed. He was always charitable to faults if he believed that intentions were good. Blundering detective work, if done in earnest, he would always be considerate of, and let the blunderer down easy. He had an abhorrence of the 'bawling out' methods which were so prevalent in the old

police days. If a man were honest, tried hard, and had common sense, Scull would work with him and fight for him; he could put up with anything else if a man had these traits. He was so whole-hearted in his own work, so earnest, that it was catching. He was a case of the deep flowing of still waters.

"My personal relations with Guy Scull were very close, far closer even than would have been called for by the fact that we worked together so long on such a job. In the days when we were both bachelors, we spent evening after evening together, usually investigating conditions and looking at places which were demanding police attention at the time. Scull was a great companion. He was always interested, and he always had some quiet humorous slant on a situation.

"I remember one day talking with him about an invitation I had received from Thomas Mott Osborne, Warden of Sing Sing Prison, to go up there and talk to the convicts. It was a rather puzzling situation to face, since I had probably been instrumental in sending a large portion of them there, and I said to Scull I didn't see how I could go since I didn't know what in the world to say to them. 'Huh,' answered Scull, 'that's easy enough; go and tell them you're glad to see them all there.'

"He was an inflexible person when he had made up his mind about anything, and would take and maintain the position he believed in against any opposition. His flow of language, when he got really

worked up on one of his favorite subjects, was as great as was his habitual silence. Not infrequently would one wander into the Harvard Club and find Scull the central point of a group of men in lively discussion—the subject usually was political. There was no compromise in his views. One evening he maintained against all comers his contention that death should be the penalty for any one proved guilty of defrauding the city. His idea that public office was a trust went as far as this, and he was relentless in hunting down grafters both while he was in the Police Department and in the splendid work he did later in the Military Intelligence Service.

“He always saw the funny side of things. One afternoon in the old office in Mulberry Street we received a call from a well known underworld character named Kelly, who wanted to start up a saloon in the lower Bowery neighborhood. This neighborhood had, during the memory of the oldest inhabitant, been largely populated by glittering saloons which never had been closed night, day or Sunday, in spite of the law. Some of them boasted that they had lost the key to their front door. They had powerful political protection and it had always worked. Every little while, of course, just to keep up appearances, they were ‘raided,’ proper notice being given, and were sedately fined in court something like twenty-five dollars. This was part of the business; no one misunderstood it.

“We worked out a scheme, however, whereby these



vicious places were actually put out of business, and the scheme was in the flood tide of operation at the time Mr. Kelly visited us. He was a good business man and wanted to know what chance he had of keeping out of the net in case he started up what he termed to be 'a high-class, respectable joint.'

"We heard his whole story and asked him if he intended to run his saloon strictly in accordance with law. He said: 'Sure, of course, just the same as every one else does.' We told him we thought he had come to the wrong place—this was Police Headquarters, shouldn't he have gone to the Headquarters of his Tammany district leader? Didn't he believe that his leader could get privileges for him?

" 'Huh?' he replied, quick as a flash, 'he, privileges, here? Huh, he couldn't get the right time of day here.' Scull went into a convulsion of laughter and, Kelly left us with no hard feeling, but his saloon was not opened.

"He always had characteristic ways of doing things, and one of the most typical of them was when he came into my office one afternoon and said: 'Boss, do you suppose I could take a day off tomorrow. I'll be here in the morning and take care of my mail, but I'd like to get away around eleven o'clock—I'm going to get married.'

"The next day, July 8, 1914, he was married,\* and

\* To Nancy Whitman, daughter of Mrs. Nannie Bostick Butler, in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City, by the Rev. Herbert Shipman, who was chaplain of Holland Lodge, F. and A. M., of which Scull was a life member.





NORTH EAST HARBOR, SEPT. 1917



this began for him a life which brought out the best that was in him, gave him genuine happiness, and seemed to add to his fullness and power each succeeding year. His friends all felt that his wild wanderings, his uncertainties, his indulgences were over. He settled into a happy home life. He was completely devoted to his wife and children and he brought to the new tasks he undertook a largeness of view and a ripeness of experience which promised more and greater achievement."

Late in 1914 or early in 1915 there was a sudden increase in homicides in the city. At Headquarters in the new statistical room this column of figures had become the official barometer. Unlike a ship barometer, it rose with an approaching storm instead of falling. Homicides usually mean murders, and an increase in murders means lawlessness. Scull, having just been promoted to Fifth Deputy Commissioner and paired with Deputy Commissioner Lord in the direction of the Detective Bureau, was put to the test at once. His job was to reduce crime. It was either to stop the frequency of "stick-ups," murders and assassinations or resign his job. Scull didn't look for excuses or plead ignorance or haul policemen up on charges of neglect of duty. He took the whole burden on his own shoulders, held his men blameless, and worked twelve, fourteen and eighteen hours a day, trying to find a reason for the outbreak.

The driver of Scull's police car used to wonder when his chief ever got any sleep. No matter where

Scull had been, or where he left him, or what time, or how late into the gray dawn of morning it was, his orders were to meet the "Commish" at the entrance of his apartment house on East 79th Street, at eight A. M. daily, and every day at that hour there was Scull, fresh shaven, bathed and ready for another day's work, waiting for the motor car to pick him up and take him on his way.

Frank Lord, the Second Deputy, had a way of teasing Scull by going into the front office about 6:30 P. M. when the other deputies usually dropped in for a last word preparatory to leaving for dinner, and say:

"Mr. Commissioner, Five (Scull's official number) says he's going home early and wants to know if he can have a half a day off!"

But the crimes continued, and the newspapers began to print the sensational "Black Hand" stories. This was on account of the fact that no motives were shown for these killings save the sign of the "Black Hand." Sometimes these crimes were committed with the knife, sometimes the gun, and sometimes a bomb. The miscreants did not stop with the death of the victim, but usually tried to destroy his home or place of business, or kill or kidnap a member of his family. Over three-quarter of the victims were Italian. The police did not think much of the "Black Hand" theory, nor the results of feuds or vendettas. They had a fairly good suspicion that the Italian

lottery policy was at the bottom of the whole miserable business.

In this country the Italian lottery policy is known as a gambling game pure and simple. In Italy it is, or was then, legal, the government levying a tax on the profits. The lottery here is unlawful, being against both the Federal and the State statutes. Numerous arrests had been made among the Italians for this offense, but in each case where convictions were secured, fines or short sentences only had been imposed, neither of which had any effect upon the big gamblers, who were the King Pins in the game and who were making the big money. They also succeeded in keeping under cover. All these facts were developed by Scull's investigations. He developed the further and important fact that there was bitter rivalry for the directors' jobs, the control of the lottery, and the division of the spoils.

Scull started on the theory that if he could ascertain who these gamblers were, it would be easy to find out the leading members of the various groups, what their particular grievances were against each other, and if they were using violence to accomplish their ends.

The usual method of the police in obtaining information had been "stool pigeons," that is to say, using a crook to catch a crook, or using one gambler to catch another. This meant the use of bribe money or the giving of privileges in the breaking of the law. Gamblers, however, are not given to "squealing." More-

over, it appeared that "stool pigeons" had a discouraging way of pretending to give up information and at the same time tipping off their friends of any contemplated police action. In other words, the "stool pigeon" was a "double-cross" artist. Scull rejected the use of them in this hunt. He called in one Tunney, then a captain of the Bomb Squad and afterwards an inspector, and procuring the services of a number of bright young probationers from the Training School and a few more from the eligible list, both groups of whom were not known as policemen, put these men under Tunney. All were Italians or of Italian descent. They were kept at work at their trade as citizens, and while so engaged were encouraged to work themselves into the good graces of Italians who were playing the lottery.

These men succeeded in getting into the game, and it wasn't very long before they were acquainted with the heads of the system. Soon they actually got to know personally the members of the so-called Corporation or "Big Four." These four men controlled the whole lottery policy game, not alone in Greater New York, but in the New England States and up and down the coast, north and south. There was in each State the drawing for numbers, the paying of the money, the receiving of the lucky number from Italy, the announcement of the same, and the paying of the prizes to the winners. In all of this there was, of course, much chance for crookedness and chance to defraud the ignorant players of their hard-earned



money. This desire for being "in the know," for the chance to defraud, turned out to be the cause of most of the crimes. It was the old, old story of jealousy and greed, hatred, temptation and murder.

To prove it Scull had to intercept the messages from Italy, watch their delivery, and spot the persons who received them. He presently developed the fact that the numbers were cabled weekly to one of the Big Four in New York. These messages were in code, and they were delivered to a different address each week. The first week the message in code would be delivered to an address downtown, the second week to one uptown, the third week to an address in Brooklyn, and the fourth to an address up in the Bronx. The fifth week they would start all over again. In each event a woman received the message.

When all these further facts had been developed, the system watched and checked, and the method determined whereby the necessary evidence could be taken to secure a case in court, the detectives were sent to their stations one day, the trap sprung, and the entire gang taken into custody. The cable company was notified to stop sending and receiving the messages, and the gambling effectively smashed. The courts imposed good stiff sentences in all convictions secured, the head gamblers were scattered or sent to prison, and the "Black Hand" terror ended.

Inspector John J. Cray, one of Scull's chief detective officers, was an officer who had pushed his way to the top through pure force of personality, native

intelligence and physical leadership. It was natural that some coldness and reserve lay between these two at first—this Harvard man and this policeman born and reared on the old East Side of New York; this Boston man who had worked for the Fusionists and this loyal son of Tammany Hall and kinsman of the biggest boss of any political organization since Croker! It wouldn't have been possible to think of two more different men than Scull and Cray, and yet from the day they met on a particularly baffling homicide case to the day of Scull's death they worked together like the oldest pair of sleuths that ever teamed up at Headquarters. I've often heard Scull say, "Get Cray's slant on that. If he says 'yes' hop to it."

Inspector Cray, who is now a Deputy Police Commissioner himself, writes:

"You have requested me to undertake the hardest task I have ever been called upon to perform. The great fault with writers of history is that their personal feelings influence their writings. I frankly confess that my sincere admiration and friendship for Guy Scull make it impossible for me to write anything concerning him without appearing somewhat biased.

"He was the ideal man for the job of commanding the Detective Bureau. He was the greatest searcher after facts I ever met. His deductions were always sound. He had a wonderful tenacity of purpose. Let him become convinced that he was on the right track

to solve a crime, and not anything could swerve him.

"He had a great sense of justice and right, a wonderful memory, and would often surprise me with a recital of the facts in some case that had been closed but was re-opened for further investigation.

"The life of the citizen was dear to him and in consequence a homicide case would engross all his attention. I do not remember a case of homicide occurring while he was in command that he failed to go immediately to the scene. Any hour of the day or night, it made no difference to him.

"And unassuming: How often some of us who accompanied him talk of it. Amidst the excitement attending those scenes he remained as calm as if nothing had happened. Detectives rushing here and there, doctors, friends of the deceased, bystanders, all excitement. Often the question was asked 'Who is that quiet man standing there?' Unless known, he was never suspected of being the 'Boss.' Nothing escaped his notice. Often when everyone was 'up in the air' a suggestion from him would clarify the situation. He rarely gave orders, mostly always suggestions, and his suggestions were always respected, because we liked him and because we knew his suggestions were never without merit.

"I wish I could write more about him. I wish I could make it plain just what a man he was. My literary powers are limited, and I can only express my gratitude for having this opportunity of saying a word in memory of the greatest man it has ever been

my fortune to work with—The Hon. Guy H. Scull.”

Inspector Thomas J. Tunney, Chief of the famous Bomb Squad in the Woods Administration, was another “Scull man” in the Department. Tunney’s “mob,” as policemen refer to different squads, literally worked their heads off for Scull, and as a rule the Skipper rode with them on the chase or wasn’t very far behind them. When Scull left the Department and went into the service, Tunney followed him into the Army Intelligence, and Sergeant Barnitz, Tunney’s chief subordinate, into the Navy Intelligence.

Tunney writes:

“The Major had a wonderful personality. He was calm and collected at all times, never losing his temper. He was what I would call an experienced executive, and owing to his absolute fairness and pleasing manner, secured more results from the men working under his jurisdiction than any other superior I had the pleasure of serving for over twenty years. He had a very keen mind, and was able to grasp any situation, however complex or difficult. He was very persistent, never giving up hope of solving a problem until every possible means of investigation was exhausted. The best evidence of this is the important matters that were accomplished under his supervision, and which I will now try to describe as briefly as possible.

“After the recent European war broke out in Au-

gust, 1914, some time thereafter, various crimes of violence were committed in New York, and particularly on merchant vessels in the harbors and rivers abounding New York.

“One of the cases in question that stands out very prominently was the arrest of Lieut. Robert Fay and his associates. Lieut. Robert Fay was on leave from the Royal Imperial German Army for the purpose of coming to the United States to blow up ships in the harbors of the United States.

“Fay did not succeed in accomplishing this, although he was very close to it. He had four mines or bombs already finished when he was apprehended. These bombs would blow up a ship instantly and sink everybody on board, if Fay had been successful in attaching them. At the capture of Fay, I particularly recollect Major Scull’s visit to Weehawken, N. J., where he remained with the other men and myself all night. He was always thoughtful, more of others than himself, for he arranged and paid for a meal for the men before he had one himself, and after they were through he and I had some coffee, just to keep ourselves awake.

“Another incident was that in which Frank Holt, alias Muentner, had shot Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan in his summer home at Glen Cove, L. I., and, previous to that, had planted a bomb in the Senate wing in the Capitol at Washington. Holt, it appears, had written to his wife in Texas, saying that one of the ships leaving New York harbor would sink after a



few days' sail from New York. This made it imperative for quick action and to locate, if possible, the shipment of explosives from some place in Long Island, where Holt had his dynamite, to the ships sailing, as mentioned in Holt's letter. It had been previously ascertained that Holt had purchased two hundred pounds of dynamite and received it at Syossett, L. I., but we were unable to account for more than six of these sticks, three of which were used in the bomb at Washington, D. C., and the remaining three he had in his possession at the time of his arrest. A considerable quantity of fuses and explosive caps were also missing.

"This necessitated a search of all railroad stations in Nassau County, as Holt was known to use an automobile in his movements. Mr. Scull worked all night, traveling from one station to another, and in many cases the railroad stations were closed and the agents had to be located at their homes and awakened, and then they visited their station and examined their books. A funny incident occurred in Rockville Center. About four o'clock in the morning we were all cold and hungry, and the next thing we found to an eating-place was a German bakery. The front door was closed but unlocked. The counter on the inside was filled with crullers and doughnuts. Major Scull and several of the men entered the shop and spoke to the German boss who was upstairs looking out of the door, requesting him to make some coffee. This



the German refused to do, speaking through the crack in the door, and then locking himself in. He evidently thought that we were a bunch of thieves with an automobile, and was frightened to death. We then ate a number of crullers, Major Scull leaving fifty cents on the counter to pay for them. I don't know how long afterwards the German came downstairs, but from his appearance he certainly was in no hurry to show himself.

"We arrived in New York that morning, about seven o'clock. The major got off at his home at 79th Street, between Lexington and Third Avenue, and we proceeded to get a shave and breakfast. I then visited Police Headquarters to attend to some detail matters and to give orders to the detectives to make further investigations. After so doing, I was going home to have some sleep, as I was tired out, and as I was leaving the building about 8:45 A. M., I was surprised to see Major Scull coming in to start work.

" 'Major,' I said, 'I thought you were going to bed to sleep.'

"He replied, 'I am too busy. I haven't time to sleep, but you go home and get to bed.'

"This was characteristic of him on numerous occasions. He was always one of the first to arrive on the scene of a crime and the last man to leave, and the first man in the office in the morning. He was what I would call a more than ordinary public official, and there is no doubt in my mind but that the

long hours, the hardships, and close attention to business undermined his health, and were responsible for his premature death."

Most persons mentally picture a policeman as an overfed, flat-footed person with a heavy jaw and fierce mustache. I can remember the surprise, almost consternation, on the faces of some citizens who came to Headquarters in Arthur Woods' administration. They would actually gasp as they asked: "You don't mean to say that man is a cop?" Commissioner Woods had brought in to Headquarters and had placed in the various branches (detective commands) the keenest men he could find on the force, and strangely enough many of them in citizen's dress did not look like policemen.

Captain William A. Jones was one of these. "Bill" Jones, as he is known to police officers far and wide, is the son of a New England clergyman. Tall, spare of frame, dressed in sombre black, his solemn visage heightened by gold-rimmed spectacles, he looks more like a clergyman himself than a revolver expert and authority on gun-shot wounds, or a terror to foreign "gun-toters" and "stick-up" men. To see Scull and "Capt. Bill" walk up the street together in those days one would think they were on their way to church or prayer-meeting, which they usually weren't.

"The death of Major Scull," writes Captain Jones, "gave me a deep sense of personal loss, as it must have anyone who came in close contact with his personality. His quiet efficiency and untiring devotion

to any work he undertook were an inspiration to those who worked with him.

“When Major Scull was Deputy Commissioner and I was in command of the Third Branch of the Detective Bureau, which included the district known as ‘Harlem’s Little Italy,’ the work of overcoming the different gang feuds which had existed for years and were constantly coming to the surface, presented a difficult problem.

“Major Scull was always on the job, day or night, and his keen interest in the situation and the support and assistance he gave to me and the detectives with me, completely broke the backbone of the different clans which had so long been a menace to the community.

“Under his direction I worked on many cases where patience, judgment and perseverance were the qualities necessary to reach a solution of the case, and he possessed these qualities in an unusual degree; never letting go until he had exhausted every clue. One conspicuous case was the murder of Barnet Baff, the chicken merchant, who was shot and killed in the West Washington Market on November 24th, 1914. This was a most difficult case. Into it Major Scull entered with his usual perseverance, having daily conferences with the detectives working on the case, going over every clue, eliminating some and following up others, until he had reached the desired end—that of the conviction of the murderers.

“Another case that stands out in my mind was the

murder of Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols, who was on September 8th, 1915, strangled in her home, No. 4 East 79th Street, by four men who went there with the intention of robbing her, and who were assisted by an inside accomplice. Three and the inside man were arrested and convicted; one escaped to Finland, was located there, but could not be extradited.

"Both the Baff and the Nichols cases required more than a year of hard work, and it required his sending detectives into several states, one to France and Italy. At times the results seemed discouraging, but Major Scull never lost heart, but kept at it untiringly and with a spirit I have never seen surpassed.

"He loved his work, and every detective under him felt impelled to do his best when the Major assigned him to any duty."

The police microscope discloses few meaner forms of predatory life nor few in grosser degradation than the "dope pedler." This person is one who purchases habit-forming drugs in lump quantities and retails them to those whose appetite is such they will commit crime to buy. The traffic was and is illegal but it is still a gaining one and when Scull went to Headquarters as Commissioner Woods' secretary one of his assignments was the command of Lieutenant Scherb's "Dope Squad," organized by Woods, whose duty it was to cut down this traffic if not stop it entirely. Scull and Lieutenant Scherb never stopped it nor has anyone else before or since. In a paper advocating Federal control of the manufacture, importation, sale



# POLICE COMMISSIONER ARTHUR WOODS AND HIS STAFF

*Top row left to right.* Inspectors Thomas J. Tunney, Frank A. Tierney, John J. Collins, Richard O'Connor, John J. Gray, Edward J. Walsh, Thomas McDonald, David E. Costigan, Frank J. Morris, Samuel A. McElroy, John Daly. *Second Row.* Inspectors Thomas J. Kelly, James S. Boland, Wm. F. Reettier, Cornelius F. Cahalane, Thomas H. Murphy, James E. Dillon, John O'Brien, Thomas Myers, John F. Dwyer, Joseph A. Conboy. *Third row.* Alexander M. White, H. J. Case, E. V. O'Daniel, Guy H. Scull, Commissioner Arthur Woods, Leon G. Godley, L. B. Dunham, H. C. McClintock, Frank A. Lord. *Fourth row.* C. L. Kloss, Fuller Potter. *Not present.* Inspectors Joseph A. Faurot, Thomas T. Ryan, Thomas V. Underhill, Charles S. Meade, Chief Inspector Max Schmittberger (deceased).





and distribution of these drugs as the only solution of the problem Scull admits that all he and his men did was little better than "bailing out the ocean with a bucket."

Scull knew whereof he spoke. He had worked on the streets with the "Dope Squad" in order to become acquainted at first hand with the drug traffic, the unfortunate victims and the pedlers. Scull soon came to know the tricks of the pedlers as thoroughly as the detectives themselves. In his police report, urging the passing of a Federal law, he describes the practices of the pedlers and the addicts as follows:

"A man who has the drugs for sale will stand on the corner, just idling, say in front of a saloon. One of his customers will come along and will pay him for the 'dope.' Of course, this man has no narcotics in his possession; he is too wise for that. The customer is told to walk around the street and look out for a woman with blond hair who will be walking toward him. He does this and as he passes the woman she slips him a 'deck' (small paper package as big as a paper of needles) from her muff. The next day the customer will come around for his usual supply, pay the man on the corner, and will be told to stand in front of a certain house and wait. Presently a cigarette box will drop from an upper story window; he will find a 'deck' of cocaine in it. On another day he will be told to go around to a certain saloon and ask for 'Johnny.' 'Johnny' will tell him to meet him in twenty minutes in another saloon. In the mean-

time 'Johnny' goes somewhere and obtains the 'deck' of cocaine.

"A less clever man will carry 'dope' on his person in all kinds of ways. He will have the false fountain pen, half full of ink and half full of 'drugs'; he will have a false memorandum book; he will carry it sewed in the lining of his coat. Sometimes it is sold in candy falsely made up, hollow inside and packed full of dope; sometimes in cigarettes, or in hollowed-out rubber heels which are easily detachable from the boot. Women will conceal it in their hair.

"Another phase of this traffic in drugs is concerned with smuggling the drugs into prisons. They will use any extent of patience in order to get the drug to the inmates of the different jails. Of course, the profits are enormous. One man used to split post-cards, put the white powder between the two parts and cleverly paste the parts together again, write a message on it, and address it to the person in jail. Another trick of his was to remove about twenty or thirty pages of a magazine and paste the dope right in the binding, then put the pages back again. Sometimes he would write a letter on a piece of paper that had been soaked with some narcotic solution, so that the person receiving it could chew the paper and get some effect from the narcotic."

Scull's office on the second floor at the head of the stairs was the center of interest for a large part of the day and night. At night his were usually the only lights burning on this floor. Something of in-

terest, something big or little, was always under scrutiny here. One would usually find someone from the P. C.'s office here, two or three deputies, an inspector, a captain or two and a stream of detectives coming and going and they all appeared to be taking enjoyment in their work. There was a certain keenness of interest, brightness of eye and an altogether wholesome, healthy tone around Scull's office. Guy Scull may not have been the greatest detective officer in the country, nor the most brilliant, but there never was a more conscientious head of a detective force, a more honest one, or one who was better liked by his men, or who did more for them or who got more out of them in service to the people.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE WORLD'S WAR—1918-1920

EVERYONE at Police Headquarters took it for granted that the Fifth Deputy Police Commissioner would enter the service as soon as he could get leave from his duties in the Detective Bureau. The Mitchell administration was drawing to a close, the campaign for re-election was on, but whether or not the Mayor was re-elected Headquarters knew it would take more than the stock argument of duty to the city to hold Scull much longer. Scull offered his services to the Government in November, 1917, and on December 22 he received notification by wire that he had been nominated for a captaincy in the Army. Hundreds of less capable men had been commissioned majors and colonels, but if this disturbed the equanimity of the Skipper's mind, no one ever knew it. Only two or three of his intimates were aware that he was disappointed. Not that he wanted rank. He wanted authority. He felt that he had already rendered considerable service to the Government and to both France and England in his capacity as Deputy Police Commissioner, and he had. Very few men had accomplished what he and his squads of detectives had done in foiling the plans of German secret agents, in protecting lives of non-combatants,

in protecting supplies of the Allies, and in fact saving millions of dollars worth of allied shipping here in the Port of New York, destined for overseas, which was a rich prize and the object of a hundred plots directed from the German foreign office. Nevertheless, he took what he could get and accepted the commission the Government offered him.

The following is a copy of the notice he received from the War Department that he had been appointed:

*Washington, D. C., Dec. 24, 1917.*

Guy Hamilton Scull,  
156 East 79th Street,  
New York.

You have been appointed Captain Quartermaster Reserve Period. Wire acceptance giving full name and rank. McCAIN

This message came in so many different forms that Scull finally became exceedingly annoyed. Each message he received he would formally acknowledge and accept. He showed the collection to me one day, saying:

"Gosh. I guess they want to impress me with my job. If I got this ton of paper with a Captain's commission, I'd a been buried if they had slipped me a majority. The Lord do provide."

After he had accepted his commission, he began receiving orders where to report and like the announcement of his appointment, they made such a

bulky pile of correspondence that he couldn't carry it in his pocket. He would receive one order one day, and the next day a different one canceling the first. This so got on his nerves that he told his wife that he didn't think he wanted to try and work in a service where there was so much red tape.

Scull, however, finally landed in Washington, and after some delay was given a desk in the Quartermaster's Department and assigned to the task of running down grafters and crooks in the contract and supply business. Before his family joined him he lived for a time with the writer. Lodgings were difficult to obtain in Washington in those days. War workers packed the city. Houses were overcrowded. Living accommodations, both hotels, boarding-houses and residences, were taxed beyond their capacity. The writer at that time was working with Francis P. Garvan, Chief of the Bureau of Investigations of the Alien Property Custodian, and the latter in the emergency had been forced to lease a family residence at 2132 R Street, N. W., to have a place to sleep when he was in town. Here for several weeks during a hot summer, Mr. Garvan gave us quarters. The house was always open to Mr. Garvan's friends, and there was always a quota of officers and civilians in the Government service stopping there. Scull and I usually met at breakfast and were in our respective offices all day. When not detained at the office, we had dinner together in the evening and passed the time until retiring sitting in the parks or strolling



through the quiet streets, trying to keep cool. During these hours together we talked of many things. We had been in newspaper work together, and had been closely associated at Police Headquarters in New York through the Woods administration. The problems of the old police administration was one topic we discussed, and the military tactics as developed overseas another. But save for a complaint or two at army red tape that prevented him from getting a staff of experienced operators, not once did Scull in all this time refer to any of the cases he was working on. As much as he knew and as close as we had been together in other work of this kind, never did he take me into his confidence. This was Scull's way. His lips were sealed, and the confidence placed in him by his superiors was locked tightly and safely within himself.

Later he left Washington, being transferred to the Northeastern Department, and finishing this work in and around Boston, he returned to Washington, secured a small house, and moved his wife and small family down from New York. I found him one day at his new quarters, blouse off, trying to put on a new set of rank insignia.

"How do you stick these darn things on anyway?" was his greeting.

I picked up one of them to examine it, and found it a gold leaf instead of the twin silver bars. That was his first and only allusion to the fact that he had been promoted.

One of his associates says:

"I had never seen him or come into contact with him until the early spring of 1917, when he was stationed at the Northeastern Department as an Intelligence Officer, and I had him pointed out to me as he stood before the open fire in the Tennis and Racquet Club in Boston. In addition to the halo of romance which surrounded him, he had the additional attraction which the Army Officer in uniform has to one still a civilian, in wartime. His shy reserve, however, permitted only a perfunctory acquaintance at this time.

"In the summer of 1918, I went into the Army, and was stationed at Washington, where although in a different department, I saw a great deal of the Skipper in the late afternoons at the Metropolitan Club. He used to spend an hour there every afternoon from about 5 to 6 o'clock, seat himself in a corner and bury himself in the latest stock market news. I used to join him there almost every afternoon, and we would talk over the market situation and protest bitterly to each other against Prohibition. These little afternoon sessions usually wound up by our going to the bar and having a glass of cider together. You can imagine our pleasure when for one well-remembered period of two weeks we discovered that the Club cider had a very decided 'kick' in it. We kept this entirely to ourselves as a very dark secret and consumed it in sufficient quantity so

that for those happy two weeks, each of us actually left the Club in a glow.

"Skipper Scull was the most careless man about his uniform whom I think I have ever seen, and yet you only had to glance at him to see that he was a man of unusual distinction. His trousers always looked as though they would drop off at the next step, and his shirt invariably showed below the bottom button of his blouse. Whenever Mrs. Scull took him out to dinner, which was very much more often than he wished, the one ceremony that had to be accomplished was the shining of his shoes, which was only done at such times. It didn't require the talent of a Sherlock Holmes to know when Guy Scull was going out to dinner, as on such evenings he would always spend a growling five minutes in the boot-black's chair at the Metropolitan Club having a party shine put on his shoes. Those shoes were most peculiar, as by the next day all trace of the shine had vanished and they were ready for action again.

"Scull was Chief of the Military Intelligence Division, General Staff, known as the Graft and Fraud Section (M. I. 13), and was charged with the detection and prevention of graft and fraud in or connected with the Army. Skipper started under General Goethals to do this sort of work for the Quartermaster Corps, and due to his native ability and his invaluable training as Chief of the Detective Force of the New York Police Department, his work was such a success that in August, 1918, the scope of

his work was enlarged to include the entire Army. His force was the finest Secret Service force which the country has ever seen, and the results which he achieved in his field, which covered the entire United States of America, were little short of remarkable. Our one regret was that M. I. 13 could not have been started earlier, as it would have been a very potent factor in putting a stop to a great deal of the unnecessary waste and extravagance which marked the era of the entering of the United States into the War.

"I have never known anyone who had such a lovable nature, but the quality which impressed me most in him was his absolute and undeviating sense of justice and fairness. If a man was a crook, whether a friend of his or not, he would prosecute him to the utmost. But, if the accused person were in the right, he would back him to the limit of his power and ability, which were tremendous."

Another officer in M. I. 13 who was associated with Scull in Washington, says:

"Major Guy Scull's life and adventures will be discussed whenever two or more mutual friends gather. And thus the memory of this truly remarkable man will be kept ever green for years and years to come.

"Robert Ingersoll, standing at the grave of his brother, said: 'If each one to whom he did some loving kindness were to drop a bloom upon this grave, he would sleep tonight beneath an avalanche of flow-

ers.' And so if each friend were to write something—a recollection or a little story concerning the late Major—many volumes would have to be published.

"Skipper Scull had fewer enemies and more genuine friends than any man of my acquaintance. His friends are to be found in every clime, in every land; his enemies—well, they must have all preceded him to the grave for I don't recall ever having heard an unkind word said against him. I have heard him described thus: 'A swell guy,' 'a He-Man,' 'a genuine fellow,' 'a real fellow,' 'a true friend,' 'a splendid gentleman.' I have frequently referred to him as 'one of the most lovable men I ever met.'

"One of the first lessons I learned from the Major was that we were not to direct the men in the field as to how they should proceed in their investigations.

"'The man in the field is on the ground,' said the Major, 'He is in a better position to size up the situation than we are.' That might not have been exactly military, but it produced results.

"'When we go after grafters against the Government,' said the Major at another time, 'we should not allow cost of an investigation or criminal action to deter us. When you start an investigation go right through with it until you place the guilty parties behind the bars or else clear up the suspicion.'

"The Major had little faith in the so-called efficiency reports on officers. 'I don't go much on these reports,' said the Major, 'a poor devil may work his head off and be unfortunate enough to get under



some fellow who has taken a personal dislike for him and he gets a poor rating. Another fellow, the most inefficient officer in the world, may shower favors on his superior officer and he will be given a high rating. No, don't take these efficiency reports too seriously.'

"No officer was ever accorded more loyal support than was Major Scull. I am quite convinced that the men and women under him took the attitude that they were working for Major Scull, rather than for the Government. The result of their efforts under Major Scull, and later under Major Peters, is indeed a tribute not only to these two splendid officers but a marked distinction of services rendered faithfully and courageously to the Government of the United States. These men matched their wits with the cleverest crooks in the land, and the fact that over three thousand arrests were made and more than \$10,000,000 recovered for the Government is sufficient evidence of the earnestness of these men."

Another officer in M. I. 13, an experienced newspaper correspondent before the war, writes:

"It is a pity that the veil of secrecy must forever conceal the war record of Guy H. Scull—a record that is written large and legibly in the hidden archives of the Military Intelligence Division of the United States Army. It is a record that reflects upon a gentleman whose real character and capacity were appreciated and admired by his close associates,



who were undeceived as to these virtues by a becoming modesty and a retiring disposition.

"Mild-mannered, easy-going, agreeable in the humdrum, ordinary pursuits of life, Scull was an altogether different character as regards lawlessness and criminals. He was indomitable, relentless as a man-hunter, yet his methods were as creditable to his high conception of honor as they were effective in bringing results.

"M. I. 13, otherwise the Graft and Fraud Section of the Military Intelligence Division, owed its origin and development to Scull. I am familiar with its inception and creation. Scull, by natural bent, training and experience, an admirable Intelligence Officer, was assigned to the Quartermaster Corps, under General George W. Goethals, to keep an eye on crooked contractors who were waxing rich in swindling the Government.

"Scull began at the beginning. He realized the importance of covering the great Quartermaster Depots, where supplies for the Army were purchased, stored and distributed. Within a very short time after his assignment, Scull's activity began to bring results, but the effectiveness of his work was hindered by the need of cooperation and funds.

"General Goethals was so favorably impressed with the progress and results of Scull's single-handed efforts that he called for an estimate of the cost of enlarging the field. It was my good fortune to be in the Quartermaster's Corps at the time, and I had

the further good fortune to become associated with Scull.

"The estimates as to the cost of expanding Scull's field in the Q.M.C. were submitted to the General Staff, with the approval of General Goethals, and the Staff was so well impressed with his accomplishments in the Quartermaster's Corps that it was decided to expand the service to include all other corps of the Army—Engineers, Medical, Ordnance, Aircraft, and to coordinate the work under the Military Intelligence Division.

"Scull was placed in charge of the Graft and Fraud Section of the M. I. D. thus created, and again fortune favored me. I followed him, and it was an inspiration to observe the zeal and determination with which Scull labored to achieve the results that soon made M.I.13 one of the effective units of the Military Intelligence Division.

"As an officer in charge of the section, Scull enjoyed the confidence and love of every one of his subordinates and held a place in the respect and regard of his superiors that contributed to the success of the work.

"In this humble effort to pay tribute to his memory, I may add parenthetically, that from a strictly personal experience I was made to realize and appreciate the fairness and impartiality of Guy H. Scull and in a long experience I have never met nor known a person more entitled to admiration for these sterling attributes."



WASHINGTON, 1918



Such was the volume of work intrusted to Scull's bureau that he continued at it for several months after the armistice and it was not until the following May that he felt compelled to leave the service and go back to civil life. He had, like many others, sacrificed opportunities for personal advancement in order to give his services to the Government in work that he felt he was qualified to do. He had drawn upon his slender personal means to fortify his small army pay against the demands made upon it in the support of his family, and it was because of these family obligations that he was forced to retire from the service he liked so well and go back to the hum-drum existence of making a living.

That his resignation was received with regret is evidenced by letters written at that time by officers of high and low rank, from Brigadier General Marlborough Churchill, Director of Military Intelligence, down, a few of which are printed below:

## WAR DEPARTMENT

Office of the Director of Military Intelligence

Washington, May 14, 1919.

My dear Major Scull:

I wish to express to you the regret, both personal and official, I feel at being obliged to sign your discharge papers. Colonel Masteller tells me that for both personal and business reasons it is absolutely necessary for you to leave the service.

When you came to the Military Intelligence Division there was considerable possibility that every bureau and department of the Government concerned with the letting of contracts might start up a separate agency to investigate graft and fraud. Under your able guidance the matter was so centralized that duplication of effort was avoided and the matter handled in such a way as to best safeguard the interests of the United States. I have been astonished at seeing the figures representing the actual amount of money restored to the Government, and my imagination has been stimulated by thinking of the possible financial equivalent of the graft and fraud which your section has prevented in an indirect way.

I wish to go on record as Director of Military Intelligence as stating officially that the work done by you and the officers, non-commissioned officers and agents under your charge has been of immense value to the Government.

In the event of another war, or any emergency requiring the letting of a large number of Government contracts, I shall take pleasure in recommending that the work of investigating graft and fraud be given place under your direction.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) M. CHURCHILL.

Major G. H. Scull,  
Military Intelligence Division,  
Washington, D. C.



## WAR DEPARTMENT

Headquarters Central Department

Chicago, May 16, 1919.

Major Guy H. Scull,  
Graft Section, Military Intelligence,  
Washington, D. C.

My dear Major:

It is with regret that I learn that you are about to be discharged from the Army. Your words of appreciation of the service of the Graft Section, Central Department, is but another evidence of the kind personal interest which you have taken in all our activities and which has done so much to make the work a pleasure.

I would be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not express to you my sincere thanks for your many favors and my association with you during the war will always be a pleasant memory.

I trust I may hear from you occasionally and if fate brings you to Chicago, that you will look me up.

With very best wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,  
(Signed) FRANCIS D. HANNA.

## WAR DEPARTMENT

Office of Military Intelligence

Boatmen's Bank Building

St. Louis, Mo., May 16, 1919.

Major Guy H. Scull,  
156 West 79th St.,  
New York City.

My dear Major:

Yours of the 13th came this morning and contained the saddest tidings that have reached this office in

many a moon. We were all very sorry to hear of your retirement from the service, and want to assure you that we more than appreciate the manner in which you handled our affairs, and the way in which you always backed us up in every situation.

If I am able to go over to New Haven in June, as I trust I will be able to, I will certainly endeavor to see you on my way through New York.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) T. S. MAFFITT,

Captain, U. S. A.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### CEDARHURST—1920

THE Sculls in 1920 decided that their New York apartment was too confining for a pair of active small boys so they found a house in Cedarhurst, Long Island, in the middle of a quiet colony of their friends.

"The Sculls moved into the house next door to us on 'The Lane' in the autumn of 1920," writes the wife of an old friend of Guy's. "My husband had known Guy in Boston when they were boys, but I had never met him until just before they came here to live, and I had only met Nancy casually. We were in the dining car en route to Bar Harbor late in the summer of 1920 when my husband suddenly said, 'There is your neighbor to be, Guy Scull.' He was only a few tables away so that I had an excellent opportunity of studying his face. Guy was an unusually distinguished looking man, with grayish hair and keen eyes, and an expression that combined force, even sternness, with kindness and humor. The next day crossing over to Bar Harbor on the boat we had a long talk with Guy and he asked us a great many questions about suburban life which we tried to answer both truthfully and satisfactorily! I remember wondering at the time if our simple life on

the little lane in Cedarhurst would appeal to a man who had wandered all over the world, and had lived such an interesting life full of adventure. I need not have worried about that for I have rarely seen anyone happier or more contented than Guy was in his home in Cedarhurst.

"A month or two later Nancy and Guy and the two boys, Guy and David, arrived from New York and settled next door to us, and we very soon drifted into a delightful friendship.

"We all had great fun together. It was an unusually snowy winter and we went on straw rides, and pulled our children all over the country on sleds and looked, not always in vain, for hills to slide down. Guy loved the winter life and spent whole days digging out the snow drifts in 'The Lane' with a gang of admiring small boys and making slides and marvelous snow men for Guy and David. Guy was wonderful with children. I remember so vividly some of the late afternoons I spent in the Scull's living room with the lamps lit and a fire burning, and my children and Guy and David on the floor playing the most entrancing games with Guy senior. Nancy and I were an appreciative audience and no one paid the slightest attention to us. Sometimes they played a thrilling game called 'Hippopotamus,' but their very favorite was called 'Going to Bar Harbor,' and they showed as much enthusiasm over it the fiftieth time as they did the first time it was perpetrated.

"People of all ages were drawn to Guy, and he

seemed to enjoy the informal social life here in the country. In his own home he was at his best and with Nancy and the children he was absolutely happy. The devotion and understanding between those four was a very wonderful thing to see.

"In the spring he took up golf and became very enthusiastic about the game, playing most of Saturdays and Sundays. Sometimes he would stop in here on his way back from the links—my husband would be working in the garden and Nancy and I would be comfortably ensconced in steamer chairs making helpful suggestions. Guy would describe his afternoon's experiences with delightful humor, and then he would inquire politely for 'the crops,' and eventually he would drift into a heated political discussion. My husband and Guy enjoyed their political differences more than almost anything in that delightful year. One could always start Guy off by a slight reference to suffrage and an argument of that nature was always worth listening to. He usually ended by sighing, and saying in no uncertain tones, 'The whole world is going to pieces.'

"We often spent our evenings together—we would wander over to the Scull's porch after dinner and sometimes Guy would feel in the mood and would tell us wonderful tales of his travels. One night he told us all about his cruise on the Mayflower. He had a rare gift for story-telling and he made us feel the thrill of that adventure from start to finish.

"The Sunday before Guy died was a clear crisp autumn day. We all spent the afternoon outdoors—Guy on the golf links—and late in the afternoon we stopped in at the Scull's for tea and sat around for a long time talking. That day is a pleasant memory.

"Guy died on Friday, October 29th, at St. Luke's Hospital. We lost a friend whose place no one can ever fill, and we count it a very great privilege to have known him intimately for one delightful year."

Scull was ill but three days and it was not until noon of the day he died, October 29th, that he knew there was no hope. His thought then was for his two boys, their mother and his mother; not for himself. He tried in every way he could to cheer his wife, he even "kidded" the doctor's opinion, to show her that his old strength and courage still remained and that he could fight and win by himself. No one but the surgeons knew the fight he made and they still wonder today at the stamina and reserve strength left in this man who could put up such a battle for his life as he did.

The virulent infection which caused his death began with a slight carbuncle on the end and inside of his nose the Tuesday before. In fact he was playing golf the same afternoon, although the following day, Wednesday, he and his wife went to town in the afternoon to see their own doctor. They were so sure of returning a few hours later that they made no preparations for being away longer than a night at the most. The infection, however, progressed so



rapidly that when they went to St. Luke's Hospital Thursday morning Scull's face had swollen beyond recognition. The pain and discomfort were intense. The operation which was thought might be helpful brought no relief, the infection had gone too far.

Scull rallied Friday morning, however, and those at his bedside thought that the danger was over. He became unconscious Friday noon and died that evening about ten o'clock. Dr. Fellowes Davis, one of Guy's closest friends, was with him to the end.

This strong courageous life which took such full enjoyment in so short a span, matching its strength against all comers in all kinds of adventures was snuffed out suddenly and almost without warning by an insignificant pimple on the end of his nose.

The news of his death came with terrific suddenness. All of the newspapers in New York and Boston carried column stories on his life. The body was taken the following day to Boston and on Monday, November 1st, Scull was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery after a most impressive service in the Chapel there, attended by many of his lifelong friends, the Colonel of his old regiment, the Rough Riders, being one of the pallbearers.







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